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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Exit the Villain

WHAT has become of Mr. Slope with his greasy hands? Where is the cold-hearted Scrooge? Are there no more Uriah Heeps? Why do Roger Chillingworth and Sir Pitt Crawley and Carver Doone and Miladi and even Mr. Collins seem to have few successors except in melodrama and sentimental romance? Where are the Victorian villains?

To depict a villain like Iago or Lovelace with new varieties of cold-blooded rascality was once a test of the art of fiction, like the playing of Lady Macbeth or Hamlet in the art of the stage. New methods of cloaking a crocodile heart were rewarded like new methods of concealing the culprit in a detective story. Or the villain was made to dominate the whole story in a crescendo like a winter storm which broke with his death and left the hero and heroine exhausted but safe. The tigerish women, the sorrowful Satans, the blighted, desperate Red Rovers, the vicious children, the ruthless wills, the snakes in the grass, the black panthers of notable fiction are gone. Look for them in the movies or not at all, and even in the movies they begin to be villains only by accident.

* * *

Science, which alters moral thinking with the slow impassivity of a machine tool, has reduced the old villain to scrap, from which art will have to laboriously build him up again into a new mould of villainy. For in spite of new conceptions of responsibility, common sense has not given up its belief in essential villainy. It has relinquished original sin and accepted glands or infant training in place of the devil, yet it knows very well that the honest man will be despoiled unless he watches his neighbor, and sees that the widow and the orphan have a safety curve that rises little higher than in the past.

Fiction, of course, has responded with lightning rapidity to the change. The novelist's simple response to the alteration in values has been to make the villain the hero. Of nine fairly recent novels the protagonists were (1) a predatory sharper willing to sacrifice anything to his vanity; (2) a congenital alcoholic prostitute whose social position kept her out of jail; (3) a monstrous egoist who could not decide between two women, and so ruined both; (4) a mean-spirited woman who spent twenty odd years in nagging, or being nagged by, two old women whom she was paid to care for; (5) a man who deserted his wife because she loved him too much; (6) a woman who preferred bossing men to loving them, or indeed to life itself; (7) a noisy drunkard who uses the power of great wealth with about the spiritual insight of a ten-year-old boy; (8) a young girl who marries an old man for his money, freezes him, gives him dyspepsia, and runs away from him to live on his money with someone else; (9) an artist so brutally selfish and so irrational outside of his art that he mars every life he touches, including his own.

* * *

The protagonists of these novels are not heroes or heroines in exactly the old sense for they are not always praised, or even defended; yet they are sympathetically presented, although each could have been depicted as a deep-dyed villain, each story could be a tale of an evil personality preying upon the good, every one of these books fifty years ago would undoubtedly have been a study in villainy. And in the lot there is not one leading character that the novelists are willing to condemn. Everyone has his or her excuse. One suffers from a complex, another breaks away to escape the iron of convention, a third is a pathetic example of the needs of youth denied, a fourth is the inevitable reaction of the clever human animal to the predatory habits of the animals that surround him, a fifth is a study in pathology which shows how charm persists in woman even when desire becomes a mere disease, a sixth is the apparent result of modern marriage.

Thus science, which is essentially a study of causes, has led us to analyze the villain into heredity, environment, personality; after which we tell the story of why he did it rather than what he did.

This is a vital change, and it is definitive. We

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There Lives a Lady . . .

By ROBERTA HOLLOWAY

THERE lives a lady whose pale body,
Cream, and white, and shell-pink pearl,
Folded to slimness in scintillant textiles,
Fondled in tinsels that float and curl,

Lilting and careless, glides over the thresholds
Of silken tomorrows, and twines time in a mesh
As though the whole world were a cool bed of satin
For the lissome, arrogant ritual of flesh.

Her smooth feet move in amber-hued sandals;
A dew-colored jewel glimmers like a candle
At her throat; and the faint, voluptuous fragrance
Of her hair enwraps her in a misty mantle.

Her white limbs drowse in their tissued shell,
And over them passes a frail, frosty chain
Of moments; but sleeping, she may not tell
What fair links grow dark ere she wakens again.

She is secure in the arms of her lovers
As a wingless moth in a brown cocoon,
Untroubled by the snowy, wild circling of days,
And the nights, black eagles that plunge to the moon.

This Week

"Julia Marlowe." Reviewed by *Francis Rufus Bellamy.*
"The Limitations of Victory." Reviewed by *T. H. Thomas.*
"Selected Poems of Edith Thomas." Reviewed by *Robert Underwood Johnson.*
"Selection of the Letters of Horace Walpole." Reviewed by *Percival Merrick.*
"My Own Story." Reviewed by *Wallace Irwin.*
"Palimpsest." Reviewed by *John Gould Fletcher.*
Qwertyuiop.
"The Giant of Oldborne." Reviewed by *Margaret Wilson.*
Priestess. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

A Note on the Modern Novel Pattern. By *Mary Austin.*
Neil Munro. By *Cameron Rogers.*

H. M. Tomlinson

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

MOST of his readers, perhaps all but the most astute, would be surprised if they met him. There is nothing of the traveler about H. M. Tomlinson. He is not bronzed, hearty, hail-fellow-well-met, nor does he carry with him any suggestion of great distances and strange suns. Yet his appearance, I think, is significant, revealing not a little of his secret. At a first superficial glance, he looks like a rather hard-bitten city clerk. At a second glance, he looks like a gnome, who has come up from some elfin solitude to observe the stir of things on the bright surface of the world, to see men hurry down long streets, swing up to their navigating bridges, or dive below to their engine rooms, and harry their little ships across the globe to some fantastic heart of darkness. These two contradictory appearances bring us close to the secret of his unique power as an essayist of travel. His work would not have the force it has unless he were at once the city clerk, that is, the man who knows the life of the dark streets, and knows what it is to escape, and the elfin recorder, with such a wealth of exact yet luminous imagery, who travels here, there, and everywhere in search of strangely significant facts. He is not to be confused with those writers—and there are not a few of them—who deal largely in the same wares, the docks and the old clippers, and little ports on the edge of the jungle, for the purpose of achieving cheap romantic effects. Theirs is the way of easy escape. Although, to the casual observer, he may seem to travel the same path, actually his way is very different, for it is that of hard escape.

* * *

He does not turn his back on hard facts, and lose himself and his reader in romantic glamour. He has a lightning eye for a fact, and a grim, ironical appreciation of the hardest of them. This does not mean that poetical glamour does not exist for him. On the contrary, he continually recognizes its presence with all the gusto of the true romantic, and it is for him the beginning of things. Time and again, he admits it:

> You probably know there are place-names, which, when whispered privately, have the unreasonable power of translating the spirit east of the sun and west of the moon. They cannot be seen in print without a thrill. The names in the atlas which do that for me are a motley lot, and you, who see no magic in them, but have your lunacy in another phase, would laugh at mine. Celebes, Acapulco, Para, Port Royal, Cartagena, the Marquesas, Panama, the Mackenzie River, Tripoli, or Barbary—they are some of mine.

That essay—perhaps the finest of all his shorter papers—called A Shipping Parish, from "London River," in which he laments the vanished glories of Poplar, is made up of exact detail observed against a vague, glamorous background of dim horizons and lovely lost ships. He hugs with delight his knowledge that the sea creeps almost into the heart of London, that you have only to go a little way past the offices of Fenchurch Street to arrive at the foreshore, where there are saloons full of men whose talk may be pieced together to form an epic. He tells us how, when a boy, he had to take some documents to a vessel loading in the London dock:

> She was sailing that tide. It was a hot July noon. It is unlucky to send a boy, who is marked by all the omens for a city prisoner, to that dock, for it is one of the best of its kind. He had not been there before. There was an

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astonishing vista, once inside the gates, of sherry butts and port casks. On the flagstones were pools of wine lees. There was an unforgettable smell. It was of wine, spices, oakum, wool, and hides. The sun made it worse, but the boy, I think, preferred it strong. After wandering along many old quays, and through the openings of dark sheds that, on so sunny a day, were stored with cool night and cubes and planks of gold, he found his ship, the *Mulatto Girl*. She was for the Brazils.

The Master, the very figure for a boy's eye, told him that there was a berth for him if he would go along. But the boy did not go, and "never heard again of the Mulatto Girl." You might say that he has spent the rest of his life looking for her.

Here then, obviously, is the desire to escape. We could not deny it even if we would. Escape is the secret of the magnificent gusto that we discover in his first book, "The Sea and the Jungle," a book that has no single passages equal to some of the finest things in his later volumes but is, nevertheless, his most sustained and perhaps his best performance. At the beginning of that book, we meet again that "City prisoner," now grown up. On a certain grimy morning, he catches the inevitable 8.35 for the City and finds himself once more caught in the dreary routine, a squirrel turning in a cage. A few bitter paragraphs dismiss the whole foolish business. But then the Skipper arrives; the Skipper, bound for the very heart of the Amazonian forest. "I saw an open door," he tells us. "I go out. It was as though the world had been suddenly lighted, and I could see a great distance." Once more he is asked to go, and this time he goes. The adventure begins with Swansea in the black rain, but he can chant: "Now do I come at last, O Liberty, my loved and secret divinity! Your passionate pilgrim is here, late, though still young and eager-eyed." The rest, that long journey through the grey tumult of the Atlantic to the steaming reaches of the Amazon, we know or should know if we have any love of travel and good writing. It is related in some of the best descriptive prose of our time.

* * *

But to honest minds (and here is a burningly est mind), there is no such thing as absolute pe. We only move from one set of responsities to another. Liberty only confers upon us the power of making our own and possibly sterner choice. The sea demands a routine more exacting and inflexible than that imposed by bank managers or editors, and a man without a romantic imagination, a Dr. Johnson, has good warrant for preferring a gaol to a ship. Given that glamour we have already noted, the case is altered, but an honest mind cannot escape into the very blue of idle hours and pretty adjectives. What Tomlinson did was to escape from a dreary routine to an heroic routine, and it is this that binds him, as it did Conrad, to the men of the sea, who, in an age when so many of our activities are petty and muddled and cynical, are still able to do their duty, simply and stoutly. Theirs is one of the eternal and symbolical callings. Conrad saw this, and thus was able to turn a quarter-deck into an arena of tragic circumstance, to express through an account of some schooner in heavy seas an heroic vision of this life. There is a similar attitude of mind to be found in many of Tomlinson's grim and vivid records, and it has brought him some of his finest passages. Consider the moving significance, for example, of his description of the derelict. He watches the seas pouring over it, watches it all from the deck of an enormous New York liner, and then concludes with this:

> There was something ironic in the indifference of her defenceless body to these unending attacks. It mocked this white and raging post-mortem brutality, and gave her a dignity that was cold and superior to all the eternal powers could now do. She pitched helplessly head first into a hollow, and a door flew open under the break of her poop; it surprised and shocked us, for the dead might have signed to us then. She went astern of us fast, and a great comber ran at her, as if it had just spied her, and thought she was escaping. There was a high white flash, and a concussion we heard. She had gone. But she appeared again far away, forlorn on a summit of desolation, black against the sunset. The stump of her bowsprit, the accusatory finger of the dead, pointed at the sky.

There is the ring of genuine tragic feeling in this clean and strong prose, all the more moving because of its reticence.

There is a difference, however, between our author and Conrad, and it is a difference as important as their likeness. Conrad was himself a seaman, and shadowed forth his views of things indirectly, by way of romantic narrative. Tomlinson, on the other hand, is, as we have seen, an escaped "City prisoner," now a traveler, a recorder of his impressions; indeed, perhaps the shortest description of him is that he is a reporter of genius. He has been endowed with an amazingly sharp eye and a prose style that is at once unusually vivid and exact. If newspapers were still produced for intelligent people, and were not afraid of detached yet eager minds, their editors would want to send him out every hour of the day and night and would not stop short of kidnapping to secure his services. There is nothing he cannot make as memorable to a reader as one of that reader's own unusual experiences. He can drain a scene, a figure, an event, of all its color and bloom and salt and tang. It is only just to Fleet Street to add that this fact was realized and that for some years he was one of its special descriptive writers. He was sent to the scenes of various catastrophes, and finally arrived on the scene of the greatest catastrophe of all, being for some time a war correspondent. In this capacity he was not a success: he saw too much and felt too much. The ideal reporter sees this life as something of a show; the less he feels the more able he will be to reproduce the official emotions expected of him; at heart he should regard a European war merely as a glorified circus, content to sharpen a few more pencils when faced with the enlarging vistas of death and international ruin. At the front, Tomlinson found again that heroic routine, but now it was robbed of all the glamour of great distances, the poetry of fantastic names, and his experiences there left him a legacy of not ignoble bitterness. Hence the difference between the author of "The Sea and the Jungle," written before the war, and "Waiting for Daylight," whose grim title tells its own story.

A glance at his situation reveals its irony and probably explains the ironical twist that has been given to his thought. He is a reporter of genius because he brings so much mind and heart to the task, but, as we have just seen, it is perhaps better that a reporter should not have too much mind and heart. His task is to be an onlooker, an eager spectator, an epicure of curious scenes, a creator of vivid pages, and nothing more. There are numbers of men with great talent who do not ask to be anything more, and some of them made reputations during the war. But such a one as H. M. Tomlinson naturally revolts against being a mere spectator, against his task of finding new adjectives with which to conjure up the vision of death and disaster. Continually he finds himself where terrible things are happening, but neither one of the victims nor one of the rescue party, simply a man with a notebook and pencil. Send such a man, with his needle-sharp eyes and ears, his taut nerves, his blazing, honest, sensitive mind, to the front, not to take part in the ghastly business, to march and dig and shoot until he has blunted his tragic sense of what is happening, but to go here, there, and everywhere, describing what he sees and hears, missing nothing—and you have condemned him to Hell. Small wonder that he should emerge far more embittered by his experience than those of us who were actual soldiers, for we were in it, and, therefore, could afford to forget about it, whereas he was looking on, watching, watching, while a hundred thousand lads went tramping past to die. And even where the War was not in question, the position of such a writer as Tomlinson would still not be easy. If he goes to sea, it is not as a seaman, who can lie back and think no more about things once his watch is done, nor yet as a mere passenger, who knows nothing, who is all innocence, merely so much superior freight. Thus he is condemned never to take things easily, and has more responsibility, in the honest depths of his mind, than the skipper himself, for the skipper has only the ship and the crew and the freight on his back, but this brooding spectator of heroic routine has skipper, ship, crew, freight, the wide sea itself, on his back. Naturally despising the rôle of mere idle spectator, delicate and heartless collector of sensations, he has no alternative but to feel passionately about the life he has escaped into, to share—as it were—every watch, climb to every mast-head, to go down with every doomed ship.

This is what I meant by "hard escape." It is this (and a greater mastery of prose style) that distinguishes H. M. Tomlinson from those other writers who talk of clippers and jungles. Romance is there—the strange distant light has never gone out—but it is something seen between bouts of wrestling with hard facts. Remove him from these scenes of heroic routine, touched with fantastic beauty, and you have an ironist of a sardonic and uncompromising temper. His reading is significant, for when he has reluctantly set aside the great simple voyagers, his men are Swift and Heine and Butler and Anatole France. Criticism is not really his business at all, though for some years he was engaged in it. He could probably write about a few books and authors better than any man living, but for the rest, he is no critic. His demands are too narrow and personal, and he would rather explore the world than other men's minds. He would seem to pass by the light graces of life and literature with a shrug. Sentimentalism makes him angry. Hearing the seas forever roar behind him, seeing once more the image of young men going to die, he is inclined to make the mistake, common to such masculine tempers, of thinking that the things spiced with terror and danger have a superior reality and significance. But though he may be unduly embittered at times, he is anything but soured, and is far removed from certain contemporary authors who assail the universe and their fellow creatures because vanity is eating out their hearts. He might be excused if he were sometimes bitter about his own affairs and not about all the noble doomed things in this world. I for one would forgive him (though I doubt if the occasion will ever arise) because I think he has been badly treated. It would not be easy to give the author of "The Sea and the Jungle," "Waiting for Daylight," "Old Junk," "London River," "Tidemarks," and this last and characteristic book on travel, "Gifts of Fortune,"* his full due, for the hour is not ripe, but at the present time, their author, who is undoubtedly the master in his own kind of work and one of the best prose writers we have, is still suffering from what seems to me shameful neglect, both on the part of the critics and the English public. Fortunately, there is still time for this to be remedied, but meanwhile—and I am reluctant to make the admission—it looks as though yet another name will have to be added to the list of notable English authors who have been given an earlier and more generous welcome in America.

One Among Many

JULIA MARLOWE: Her Life and Art. By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY

MACAULAY in his Essay on Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson" says that it is a remarkable thing to consider that perhaps the greatest fool of all time has written the greatest biography. Because Boswell had no sense whatever of the fitness of things, he could tell, without self-consciousness, details about himself and about Samuel Johnson concerning which other men, more prudent, would have remained silent.

In inverse ratio, Mr. Russell must be one of the wisest of men since he has written one of the dullest of biographies. He reveals his point of view in a conversation which he had with Julia Marlowe concerning Henley's comments on Balfour's "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson." In that conversation Mr. Russell regretted "that Henley chose to tell so many things that put Stevenson in an unpleasant light, little things and lesions in his character that it seemed to me spoiled the image of him that existed in the minds of his admirers."

In this particular volume, Mr. Russell has done his best, precisely, not to "spoil the image" of Julia Marlowe that exists already in the minds of her admirers. He gives us the list of her plays, and tours, and successes, and does it from the point of view of a man who is interested in the theatrical business, and who understands it. In addition, he draws a very good picture of Miss Marlowe's remarkable devotion to her ideal, and of the infinite details which for her made up the art of acting. But of Julia Marlowe herself he reveals almost nothing.

Julia Marlowe has stood for a very definite thing in the American theatre. She believes in beauty and truth in the drama, and has never appeared in any play which she felt actively sinned against them.

*Gifts of Fortune. By H. M. Tomlinson. New [illegible] Harper & Bros. 1926. $4.

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The dramatic attraction of the woman who stays pure is a subject in which she has always been interested. The more she could do, in her own words, "to raise the standard of morality, and to stimulate pure, wholesome reasoning in the minds of the public," the more she has considered she deserved its gratitude. As a result she has become in time a symbol of purity on the stage. She is essentially the Puritan in art. From this standpoint the whys and wherefores of her personality would make a most interesting biography.

Mr. Russell, however, is not interested in such things. He begins with a fairly human episode of Julia Marlowe's father fleeing from Cumberlandshire, England, because he thought he had flicked out the eye of an acquaintance with his whip lash in the course of a friendly, if somewhat alcoholic, buggy race. This results in the Frost family—Sarah Frances Frost was Julia Marlowe's real name—moving to Kansas and, later, to the Ohio River Valley.

There follows the only really interesting part of Julia Marlowe's story: her early years, when she toured the Middle West as a child of eleven in a Children's Opera Company which gave "Pinafore," "The Chimes of Normandy," and other favorite operas of the day. Here is the figure of a child who must have been most touching, terribly in earnest, and terribly alone, facing life with nothing except her own resourcefulness; her father a ne'er-do-weel, seldom home, her mother running a boarding house in Cincinnati, and the child herself earning seven dollars a week, traveling from town to town in one-night stands.

In Mr. Russell's story, however, there is little of human interest, once these early years are past. Except for the quotations from the critics, there is never any recapturing of the personal magnetism which is Miss Marlowe's, nor of the peculiar fascination she exercises upon her audience. For sheer loveliness and glamour few women on the stage have ever surpassed her. But in these pages she is merely a lay figure who struggled as a small child, came to a machine-made decision to devote herself to the stage, walked for years in Central Park studying Shakespearian parts, and so to final success with E. H. Sothern. She seems completely finished at eighteen, with no further strokes necessary. There is none of the inevitable deepening, or disintegration, or rebuilding of character which usually happens in life. It is as if Mr. Russell wrote a biography from memories of casual conversations, with before him Miss Marlowe's Shakespearian prompt books, several volumes of press notices, and the weekly box office statements. The result is wooden and unconvincing. Perhaps this is the real Julia Marlowe. Perhaps there "isn't any more." But, somehow, we doubt it.

One thing, apparently, Miss Marlowe, and her biographer share in common: a passion for the correct reading and interpretation of Shakespeare. This passion in Miss Marlowe herself Mr. Russell calls the explanation of her success in the Shakespearian drama. He devotes pages and pages in the book to contrasting the different readings of Shakespeare possible. And to students of the drama—Shakespearian students particularly—these portions of Mr. Russell's story will hold some measure of interest.

In the main, however, Mr. Russell lacks the ability to portray character. He has no instinct for the significant incident. He belongs unswervingly to the school of biographers who do not like to admit that Washington really swore at the Battle of Monmouth.

Exit the Villain

(*Continued from page* 477)

will never go back to the old, undifferentiated villain until this civilization breaks down, never be content with an Iago, no matter how magnificent the depiction, unless he is explained.

Yet analysis has gone too far for art. The author doth protest too much, excuse too much, explain too far in current fiction. One step further and everything will be justified and condoned. In half a century we have worked through the Frenchman's epigram, "*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*," and come out at the further end. The impartial attitude is correct for science, which wants to know only why the villain was villainous. It is not enough for art, which must at least seek moral relationships and form moral judgments, even if it does not judge.

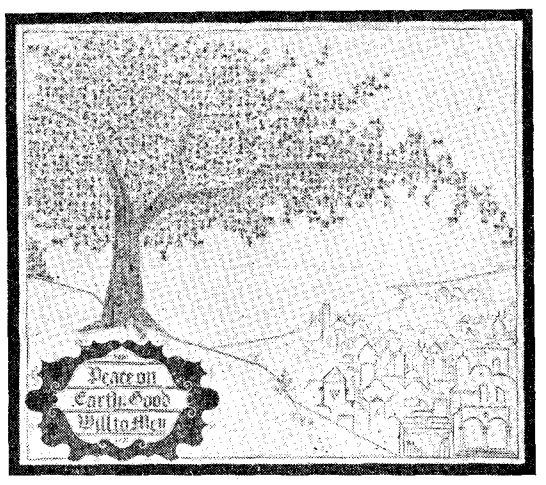
A New Interpretation

THE LIMITATIONS OF VICTORY. By Alfred Fabre-Luce. Translated by Constance Vesey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926.

Reviewed by T. H. Thomas

THE translator of M. Fabre-Luce's "La Victoire" has carried over into an English text the light and easy movement of the original version. It is uncommon for books on the tangled subject of war-guilt to be readable—and this marked advantage gained for the author a conspicuous place amongst the writers carrying on the present historical counter-offensive. It is fair to note that the special purpose with which he writes makes the task easier: the party pamphleteer has always a literary advantage over the historian. To deal in a spirit of truth and fairness with the vast field over which M. Fabre-Luce soars and darts so smoothly: to set things down with an open mind and a sense of responsibility, would be not so easy a matter. With a charming audacity the author protests against the partisan historians of Europe: "Absolute objectivity will only be found in the remarkable works of a few American historians: Sydney Fay, Schmitt, and Barnes." This particular *ménage à trois* is hardly the happy family the author imagines—but the allusion to the absolute objectivity of Professor Barnes is at least fair warning to the reader. M. Fabre-Luce, no doubt, has never heard of Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby.

"The time has come," the author explains, "to tell the reader all the truth; . . . the historical question must be raised to the moral plane. It is



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Courtesy Advertising Agencies' Service Company

this work of intellectual emancipation that he now asks the reader to resume with him."

The intellectual emancipation proves to be merely an exchange of fetters: in place of the familiar distortions of national propaganda we find the old material reshuffled for the purposes of French party politics. By a simple exchange of stage properties Poincaré, Grey, and Sazonov are made to take the place of those household favorites, the German Military Leaders. In this, the author follows the case put forward by Stieve and the German "editors" of the Russian Diplomatic documents exploited so vigorously by the Bolsheviks. The question of the relations between Poincaré and the Russians has been surveyed recently in *The Saturday Review* by Professor Schmitt; and as his absolute objectivity has been appealed to by the author, it is doubly interesting to note that he reaches diametrically opposite conclusions. M. Fabre-Luce, however, is much too adroit a pleader to fall into the crude propaganda methods of Stieve; and the aim he pursues is altogether different from that of the German "revisionists." He disclaims emphatically the view that Germany was innocent—and even pronounces the "whole hog" decision: "She cannot gainsay the essence of the verdict against her at Versailles."

But having thus gone on record for his own sake in the eyes of his French readers, M. Fabre-Luce proceeds with his own thesis, and sets out to prove that if Germany was to blame, Poincaré was guilty—not merely at fault but deliberately responsible; and alongside of Poincaré, the Russians and the British. One realizes at once where this road will lead; and in the end all the erudition of the author and all his easy mastery of his subject serve to produce only a conventional piece of campaign literature—elaborating with great ingenuity the familiar *ex post facto* thesis set forth by Caillaux in his three volumes of apologia. The Triple Entente was a militarist adventure foisted on France by Russia and England—and Poincaré is shown by turns as the Parisian representative employed to do the foisting, or as the leader of a Nationalist party which exploited the Entente for a policy of *revanche* and European conquest: (these two rôles, incidentally, being directly contradictory). By this curious series of parallel inversions Grey, Poincaré, and Sazonov become accomplices and antagonists jointly: each one a crafty and far-sighted manipulator scheming to outdo the others—and all three, none the less, easy victims of the others' duplicity. As an interpretation of motives and character, M. Fabre-Luce's solution may claim at least the distinction of being the most involved paradox ever put together.

The proceedings of Germany and Austria during July, 1914, offer, of course, the most serious obstacle to the author's general argument: he takes it gracefully at one leap, and begins with a minute examination of the Russian order for mobilization—which is, of course, the strongest point on his side. The fact that Austria long before this determined to attack Servia and declared war against her is waved aside as a matter of trifling importance; and dismissed with two or three cool misstatements. The author, moreover, takes the general ground that the immediate crisis has been overemphasized, and that the question of responsibility rests more properly upon the policies followed by the two groups of Powers during the ten years or so preceding. His presentation of this period, in turn, makes the Triple Entente constantly the aggressor; the Central Powers appear as helpless victims—victims of their own clumsiness no less than of the adroitness of their antagonists. In this survey, as we have already noted, the author follows familiar lines of controversy as regards France and Russia; the new points he offers are found in his interpretation of British policy.

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The origin of the Entente M. Fabre-Luce presents as follows: "The British Government made successive offers of alliance to Germany and France, with perfect indifference, and it was only after being rebuffed by the former that they decide taking advantage of the *revanche* spirit which latent in France." This remarkable bit of v ing is an excellent example of the author's method: it is rather like a card trick—you get away with it by the deft, easy swiftness of movement. But even this is not enough for the purpose: in addition to these insinuations of motives the author has to apply violence to his facts, and in this he is a good deal more clumsy. We read, for instance, "Edward VII and Delcassé carried out their project in defiance of public opinion," and are next told that Sir Edward Grey "organized the Anglo-French coalition." The rôle of Edward VII is the *pons asinorum* of contemporary historians; and M. Fabre-Luce, emerging wet and dripping from this tumble, goes on to present the Entente as a deal between the British and a few individual leaders of French Nationalist opinion, Delcassé first, and later Poincaré. Actually, in France the Entente was from first to last the work of the Radical Party. It was confirmed at the outset by a large majority of Parliament against the vehement opposition of the Nationalists; and remained thereafter a cornerstone of the policy of the Radicals—strongly supported by the Socialists, by Briand, and all those now ticketed as "liberals." The Radicals put Delcassé in office, threw him out for his blunder, and kept him out until he was brought back (six or seven years later) by Caillaux—who consulted him, as he himself tells us, throughout the Agadir negotiations. The party basis of French foreign policy and the relations of the British to French parties were, in fact, the exact opposite of the impression given by M. Fabre-Luce's adroit combination of omissions and insinuations.

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It is still more interesting to learn that Sir Edward Grey, for a time, was the Arch-Militarist in Europe, and acted as an *agent-provocateur* in France's international difficulties. "The electoral campaign of 1906 provided Grey with the necessary pretext for entering into military conversations with France, without the consent of the Cabinet." We learn too that " . . . during this whole period of indisputable [naval] superiority, England was inclined to favor the bellicose elements in Europe," and that in the 1911 crisis " . . . the Foreign Office had advised a ship of war being sent

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to the Moroccan coast—a step which would have led to war, although that was not Germany's wish." With this airy touch we are left to infer that war was the wish of the Foreign Office. The military conversations with France are brought forward as the beginning and end of Grey's policy; the author sums it up for us in italics:

Plans for collaboration were only fixed in the form of hypotheses; official promises were given subject to the trend of British public opinion; whilst the definite assurances France received as to the eventual landing of British troops were given only by officers whose rank and official position guaranteed their authority, but who could be disavowed by the Government, if the latter wished.

This interpretation is perhaps a good deal more illuminating in regard to M. Fabre-Luce than to Lord Grey. Having offered it, the author suddenly assumes the pose of a moralist: "An enemy would say that such an attitude was characterized by duplicity, cunning, and refusal to accept responsibility; and a friend would say that Grey had led his country in the path dictated by its honor and interests, without ever violating either its constitution or its traditions." (This sentence, taken apart from the context, one could easily suppose to have been written by Caillaux himself.) By means of this duplicity and cunning, it is explained, Grey was able to maintain the fiction of a free hand and at the same time to play into the hands of the "war parties" in France and Russia—and the latter went ahead with their plans knowing that they could rely on England. This assumes, amongst other things, that the French Government was simple enough to bank on a secret verbal assurance against which a written official denial was outstanding. (At the time in question the French Premier was Caillaux!)

Under the cross-heading "General Wilson's Promise" we read: "*But what was more, the French Government had received a formal promise.*" By way of proof the author quotes a statement of Messimy before the Briey Commission. The quotation itself does not bear out the assertion; on turning to the record of the Briey Commission we find that Messimy made no reference to any British promise, and instead explained: "I can give you no precise information as to the conversations with General Wilson, because I have none." A few pages later in the Briey record we find Joffre testifying as follows: "Il était bien entendu que l'Angleterre ne s'engageait pas à nous soutenir."

After this checking up of the way he uses the evidence that lies before him, it would be superfluous to comment on M. Fabre-Luce's credit as a historian. Leaving him aside, the point itself is a matter of far more importance. The real question is, did or did not the French believe that the British military authorities had given them a binding undertaking? It happens that the documents recently published in the French Official History provide the answer to the question. We find that the "verbal" discussions with Sir Henry Wilson were set down then and there on paper by the French military representative, and reported to the French Staff—beginning as follows:

. . . It remains understood as in the past that the new plan does not engage in any way the British Government and does not prejudge in any respect the decision it may be called upon to take when the time comes. It will remain free, as before, to intervene or not and to fix itself the strength of the forces that it may see fit to send to the *tinent.*

A corresponding clause appears in the memorandum of the next "conversation"—which took place in Paris. Last of all, the preparatory study for Plan XVII records that England had given no assurance of military coöperation: "We shall thus act prudently in not counting on British forces in our projects of operations." These statements of the case are not discreet paraphrases doctored up later on; they appear from highly secret documents in which the French Staff set down their own understanding of the matter at the time—and prove clearly what their understanding was.

Sir William Robertson's "Soldiers and Statesmen" has given us, more recently, the British side of this same question.

Moreover, since there was no such understanding, the French authorities were forced to frame their plan of campaign in return for our coöperation. When the crisis came there was no time to examine it, and consequently our military policy was for long wholly subordinate to the French policy, of which we knew very little.

Thus the point upon which rests the author's whole case against the British proves to be a hocus-pocus surrounded by a vacuum. Readers of Lord Grey's Memoirs need prepare themselves to face the possibility that he is after all a skilled crook, instead of the type of man he appears. With all its superficial dexterity, the rest of M. Fabre-Luce's volume is no more substantial or ingenuous than the fragment we have examined. It brings sharply to mind an observation he makes in one of his opening pages: "Amongst the innumerable authors who have written on the origins of the war, there are very few who inspire confidence. For the most part they are paid advocates—systematic opponents—ignorant megalomaniacs who tackle great subjects just as fools write to kings."

Our Most Ethereal Poet

SELECTED POEMS OF EDITH M. THOMAS. Edited with a Memoir by JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926.

Reviewed by ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

IN ALL American verse Edith Thomas stands out with intense individuality as a poet of almost everything but the obvious. None of our singers except Emerson has seen so profoundly or reported more poetically what may be called the reverse of life—the normal reactions against the normal, the neglected aspects, the victory of the vanquished, the courage of the lost, the honey in the poison flower, the vivid life of the massed dead, the whispers and half lights of Nature and as she says, "the triumph of forgotten things." It is never an attempt at paradox—she was too sincere for that—but a temperamental exploitation of the subtleties of character. She fulfils to a rare degree the chief function of the poet: to recall the soul to the reality of the unseen. Thus, without imitation, she often strikes a Shelleyan note, subtle as well as mystical. In her own words, she seems to say

I will create the Beauty that I need
Out of spent things that unregarded lie.

Much of Miss Thomas's work is saturated with Hellenic feeling. Her repeopling of wood and stream with mythologic figures is not a mere Attic echo, a diminuendo; rather is it a corrective of our too prosy view by a return to youth and dreams. One poem, one of the best of her lyrics, may stand as representative of this:

SYRINX

Come forth, too timid spirit of the reed!
Leave thy plashed coverts and elusions shy,
And find delight at large in grove and mead.
No ambushed harm, no wanton peering eye;
The shepherd's uncouth god thou need'st not fear,—
Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

'Tis but the vagrant wind that makes thee start,—
The pleasure-loving south, the freshening west;
The willow's woven veil they softly part,
To fan the lily on the stream's warm breast;
No ruder stir, no footstep passing near,—
Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

Whether he lies in some mossed wood, asleep,
And heeds not how the acorns drop around,
Or in some shelly cavern near the deep,
Lulled by its pulses of eternal sound,
He wakes not, answers not our sylvan cheer,—
Pan has been gone this many a silent year.

Else we had seen him, through the mists of morn,
To upland pasture lead his bleating charge:
There is no shag upon the stunted thorn,
No hoof-print on the river's silver marge;
Nor broken branch of pine, nor ivied spear,—
Pan has not passed that way for many a year.

And so, come freely forth, and through the sedge
Lift up a dimpled, warm, Arcadian face,
As on that day when fear thy feet did fledge,
And thou didst safely win the breathless race . . .
I am deceived: nor Pan nor thou art here,—
Pan has been gone this many a silent year!

O tremulous elf, reach me a hollow pipe,
The best and smoothest of thy mellow store!
Now I may blow till Time be hoary ripe,
And listening streams forsake the paths they wore:
Pan loved the sound, but now will never hear,—
Pan has not trimmed a reed this many a year!

Here is poetic affirmation by denial—for we who read, we see Pan pass with each regretful line. Probably no English or American poetry of our generation is more exquisitely suffused with the classic spirit. I have not seen the lately discovered lines of Sappho but the fragments known to us before gave slender support to her undoubted fame among her contemporaries. I wonder if anything she wrote equalled the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," or the beautiful lyric above out of the prosy twentieth century! Indeed, all Miss Thomas's purely lyrical work is noteworthy, such as

Tell me, is there a sovereign cure
For heart-ache, heart-ache,—
Cordial quick and potion sure
For heart-ache, heart-ache?

Fret thou not. If all else fail
For heart-ache, heart-ache,
One thing surely will avail,—
That's heart-break, heart-break!

and such others as "The Flag," "Is It Spring Again in Ohio?," and "A Chant of the Fought Field," with its haunting refrain

Unhand me, Time, and let me go—
Unhand me, Time!

The sonnets make another high light of the volume. Many of them are in the front line of that form of verse, of which America has produced memorable examples, carefully ignored by British anthologists. Aldrich, Gilder, Helen Hunt, Lizette Woodworth Reese ("Tears") and a score of others have used this pliable form to fine issues. Were one to select the best two-score sonnets in the English language one could not omit this one by Miss Thomas in the free, grand manner of Keats:

POVERTY

O Poverty, if thou and I must wed,
I'll surely try to sing thee into fame;
I'll call thee many a high-descended name,
To shed a lustre on thy dowerless head;
Say thou'rt a royal maiden, Spartan bred,
Early bound out to a harsh foster-dame,
My keen-eyed Hardihood! A worthy shame
I'll have of all those cates on which I fed
Before I found a zest for thy plain food.
I laugh to think how we shall entertain
Our friends from Sybaris, with all their train,
On nuts and berries from the underwood;
We'll have our floor with rushes daily strewed,
And patch the roof with boughs against the rain.

Other sonnets of eminence in substance or style are "Music," "Frost," "Thalassa," "The Life Mask of Keats" and "On Severn's Last Sketch of Keats." Another poem which I understand the diligent and devoted compiler of this volume has not yet been able to recover is also on the last hours of Keats—the theme being Severn's arrangement of threads so that each dying candle should light another through the night of his weary vigil. Miss Thomas sublimated this incident into a charming suggestion of the influence of one poet upon others.

Miss Rittenhouse deserves well of lovers of poetry for her laborious and affectionate handling of her task and for her sympathetic memoir. The selections are about equally made from published volumes and uncollected work. Naturally, in the latter, one finds a more sombre tone, as a sensitive poet, eager to pierce the veil, approached the end of life. Sombre it often is but seldom melancholy, from which it is saved by sincerity and nobility of view. Sad much of it certainly is—but without loss of courage to face the dark. The poetic quality of the execution doubtless led the editor to be less mindful of the predominence of this aspect of loneliness. I wish that it might have been offset by some of Miss Thomas's more objective work, which it seems to me is under-represented here. I should like to see some of her characteristic philippics—her trumpet calls to duty, her indignation at wrong, her discernment of the issues of the World War. Happily, none of these is lost, and no one knows better than Miss Rittenhouse that another volume of as fine quality might easily be selected from what is left over. It would perhaps reveal a more widely human sympathy. I have heard Edith Thomas's verse called cold, but to me it has the truest warmth—not of color but of tenderness.

Let no one consider that he is acquainted with American poetry at its most artistic expression who does not know this melodious volume—in which a beautiful and unselfish spirit through the eyes of her imagination looks wistfully at Nature, Life, and Death.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Walpole's Letters

SELECTION OF THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE. Edited by W. S. Lewis. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $10.

Reviewed by Percival Merrick

TOWARD the end of his long life Walpole remarked to his correspondent, Lady Ossory, "I do think I have some merit with that tiny commonwealth that proudly calls itself the republic of letters (and which, like Cromwell's House of Lords, is often composed of the dregs of the earth), for having, sometimes almost by force, obtained for the public works of intrinsic value or rarity. I shall sit mighty low on the bench of authors; but Kirgate and I shall not give place to many printers in the offices of the temple of fame."

Doubtless this was a partly whimsical estimate of his own accomplishments. Today his political writings, the Memoirs of the reigns of George Second and Third, are probably unread although occasionally consulted. The same may be said of his other writings with the exception of the "Castle of Otranto," and perhaps his "Anecdotes of Painting" "the only thing I ever published of any use," which still are in demand, though rather on account of the numerous prints of artists than for the pleasantly gossipy anecdotes. The Strawberry Hill Press publications, while sought after by ardent Walpolians and collectors of private press issues, do not enhance the fame of the printer from the standpoint of typography, though they may have stimulated the growth of other private presses of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century.

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Such place as Walpole occupies in "the temple of fame" is mainly due to his printed correspondence, which easily establishes him as the first among letter writers in a century of good letter writers. Did he himself, an enthusiast over letters,—Madame de Sevigné was a special object of his admiration—secretly anticipate such an outcome? Possibly. His insistence on having his letters returned to him, to be reread, studied over, and even annotated by him, gives some plausibility to such an idea.

At all events subsequent generations have profited, as no one can approach the eighteenth century from the political, literary, artistic, and particularly the social side, without studying Walpole's correspondence. All phases of life from the third to the last decade of the century passed under his review. His correspondents represented all grades of society. With remarkable dexterity he varied his epistolary style accordng to the social or political position, as well as to the interests or occupations, of the recipients, thus giving a freshness to his letters, even in the case of repetition of the subject matter to several correspondents as was sometimes the case. Compare for instance his letters to the diplomat, Sir Horace Mann, to his cousin General Conway, to the witty George Selwyn, to his various women friends, the lively Countess of Upper Ossory, the erratic Lady Mary Coke, the demure spinster Hannah More, to mention only a few, and finally his affectionate and intimate correspondence in his last years with the sisters Mary and Agnes Berry, his "twin wives."

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His letters began to appear in print soon after his death, from the time of his literary executor, Mary Berry, down to the antiquary Peter Cunningham, frequently modified, emasculated, wrongly dated, or misplaced. Finally, early in the present century, Mrs. Helen Toynbee undertook the preparation of a standard edition of the letters, working from the originals or photographic copies whenever possible, freeing them from the mutilations of previous editors, placing them in proper chronological sequence, and giving the reader pure undiluted Walpole. Since her death the task has been carried on by her husband, Dr. Paget Toynbee, and the result of their joint labors is manifest in the sixteen volumes of the original issue, and three supplementary volumes of subsequently unearthed letters, making a total to date of 3,420 letters, a somewhat formidable collection to be tackled *ab initio* unless by enthusiastic Walpolians or careful students of the eighteenth century. From these nineteen volumes Mr. Lewis has selected one hundred and forty-nine letters, covering the period from 1736 to 1796 inclusive, a task of no slight difficulty considering the wealth of material before him. The letters chosen are full of interest and admirably representative of the varied list of Walpole's correspondents and subjects.

As his carefully worded title implies Mr. Lewis has given a selection *of* the letters and not *from* the letters, two vastly differing methods. With the exception of a few letters, where the last part has been omitted, as he carefully notes, for reasons of lack of space or of importance, the reader is given the letters as Walpole wrote them, instead of being furnished with high spots linked together with editorial interludes as is too frequently the case with selections from letters. The annotations in the main are drawn from the Toynbee edition, supplemented by illuminating notes by the editor when needed to clarify further the text.

The editor has enhanced the value of the volumes by a series of some sixty illustrations, all interesting and pertinent, and in many cases unique. He has also provided a short Introduction showing the object and purpose of his selections, while in place of a biographical sketch of the author he has simply reprinted Walpole's own "Short Notes of My Life."

Mr. Lewis is to be congratulated on the method he has chosen and the way in which he has carried out his design. Messrs. Harper & Brothers have provided a setting for the Letters highly satisfactory both as to format and typography. It is to be hoped that while giving an admirable introduction to Walpole and his period, these volumes will prove a stimulus to interested readers to go back to the original source for a more complete knowledge of the writer and his correspondents.

A Picturesque Story

MY OWN STORY. By Fremont Older. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by Wallace Irwin

"Chan Cheung," said the District Attorney, "you think that you are going back to China to live the rest of your days in comfort and prosperity, with your children around you. This will never happen. You will be hanged."

Chan did not say a word.

One by one the highbinders slid in like ghosts, without a sound, and to each as he came in the District Attorney said, "Is this the man you hired to kill so-and-so?" Each highbinder looked at Chan for a long moment, then bowed his head and said, "That is the man."

MERELY a chance quotation from "My Own Story," by Fremont Older, this illustrates scrappily the melodrama of which the reformer-editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin* was both author and leading man. To the world in general perhaps his name means less than that of Eugene Schmitz, mayor of San Francisco, whom he hounded out of office, or of Abraham Reuf, political boss, whom Older, backed by public opinion and an aroused judiciary, consigned to San Quentin Prison for a term of fourteen years.

These frank, racy, and sometimes self-accusing memoirs, published at a time when the San Francisco fire, and the no less sensational "graft prosecution" which followed lie dustily in the stock-room of old calamities, refresh the fading scene and cast an autobiographical light on the crusader who was born a journalist and worked sometimes at cross purposes on the impulse of his dual nature.

Somewhere in the middle '90's Older was called to the editorship of a paper which was, as the saying goes, "dying on its feet;" limpest and flimsiest of the evening papers, merely allowed to live, in a city where Hearst and De Young ruled the roost. The *Bulletin* was a long shot, and Fremont Older, at the beginning, realized the odds against him.

My one desire was to stimulate the circulation, to develop stories that would catch the attention of the reader. . . . They migh make people suffer, might wound or utterly ruin someone. . . . That made no difference to me. . . . I cared only for results. . . .

Like many another struggling young paper, the *Bulletin* beat the bush for small subsidies. It wrote editorials on a promise of payment from a Republican committee—and got half that was promised, at that. Later Fremont Older went to Canton to see William McKinley on behalf of Judge Weymire, the *Bulletin's* candidate for a cabinet post. McKinley preferred McKenna, but seemed very pleasant and confused and helpless. Then Older saw Mark Hanna. "So I am the politician of the firm, am I?" asked the Big Boss. Then, speaking confidentially into the editorial ear, "Mr. Older, I am a baby in politics compared with my good friend in Canton."

Willim F. Herrin, attorney for the Southern Pacific, became the target of the *Bulletin*, now headlong in the battle of State politics. James D. Phelan, an incorruptible millionaire with a taste for public life, was the Older choice for mayor and a champion against California's favorite jobberwok, the railroad. Phelan won and gave his city several model administrations. Had he continued in office forever, as he was urged to do, "My Own Story" might never have been written.

From the moment that handsome, oily violinist, Eugene Schmitz, was elected, Older went out to "get" him and his cunning master, Abraham Reuf. How it took the physical wrath of God in the form of an earthquake (even Older refers to it as "the fire") to shake the grafters away from their dirty money is a passage which these memoirs endow with a lively personal touch; for like Æneas he was "of these things an important part."

Explosions, mysterious midnight cries, discovered dynamite mines, the dirty work of Pat Calhoun, dictaphones, the sleuthing of Burns the detective, supply sufficient action to prolong a Belasco melodrama into a Chinese play. First one thief, then another, caught with the goods, were forced to turn state's evidence. An entire board of supervisors confessed to the taking of a $200,000 bribe. Patrick Calhoun, president of the street railways, conspired that Older should be kidnapped. The plot and Mr. Older were carried as far as a Southern California town where a friendly mob intervened.

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Mr. Older's fascinating book is so full of detail of the above description that it is impossible, in a review of moderate length, to touch even the high spots. The "graft investigation," after all the shooting and shouting, resulted in the punishment of one man. Abe Reuf, with all his legal wit and super-normal cunning, could not evade a long prison sentence. Calhoun, whom Older had marked for justice, went free and unchastened.

Reuf was in jail. This should have brought a certain triumph to Older's heart. But instead it had the opposite reaction. One day S. S. M reminded him that Reuf had been promi munity for favors to the prosecution, then r sentenced to a long term. It dawned upon Older that he had broken his word with a grafter, so he visited the prisoner, apologized, and volunteered to work for his release. Unsuccessful in this, the reformer began to see in Reuf another victim of corrupt government, a poor human who had taken the easiest way, yielded to circumstances.

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The editor's visits to Reuf brought him in contact with other prisoners, urged him to make amends for his mistake—if mistake it were—by devoting his life to the cause of fallen men. The last third of Older's "Story" is devoted to the freed criminals whom he has taken to his ranch, of wrecks he has labored to salvage. In a dozen or so of clean-cut little character studies he tells of successes and failures, about equally balanced; of Lowrie, whose brilliantly written exposé of prison conditions made a sensation, turned his head, and drove him back to the old life; of hairy Pat Sullivan, who killed his wife for love; of Charles Augustus Bogg, who could do anything from shaving a pig to growing tulips, but couldn't keep his hand out of other people's pockets; of "Reggie" Gamble, the prostitute who occupied a fashionable pulpit, for one Sunday only.

The book leaves the impression of a man more guided than bedazzled by his enthusiasms. Perhaps in this day of raging criminality and an answering Baumes Law we are not receptive to the Robin Hood idea. But Fremont Older has kept rather nicely away from the sentimental drool, "It's the rich gits all the pleasure, it's the poor gits all the blame." Aside from its ethical value, "My Own Story" is picturesque in just the way that San Francisco cannot help being picturesque.

The Nonesuch Press, which has hitherto confined itself to limited *éditions de luxe*, announces its intention of publishing not more than two "new and original" books every year. This season it is to publish "Latterday Symphony," by Miss Romer Wilson, who won the Hawthornden Prize some years ago, and who is held in high esteem by the critics.

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From 75 B.C. to 1925 A.D.

PALIMPSEST. By H. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

THE first venture of any writer in the field of prose fiction, unless it is unusual in theme or treatment, is likely to pass with little notice. H. D.'s book is sufficiently unusual in treatment to warrant considerable attention being paid to it. The treatment, however, overburdens the theme, or rather the three themes, for in this book of three hundred and thirty pages, we are told first, the story of a young Greek girl beloved by a Roman captain after the fall of Corinth; second, the story of an American woman in war-time London, torn between faithfulness to a dying creed of patriotism and loyalty, and the exacting demands of her art, and enduring mental torture in the process; third, the story of an unnamed married woman traveling with a friend in Egypt and falling partially in love with a young English officer invalided out of the war.

These three stories are held together only by the fact that all are told from the standpoint of the principal feminine character in each who is supposed to experience them; thus Hipparchia, the Greek hetaira of the first section becomes Raymonde in the second and the unnamed married woman in the third, by the device of having each of these characters tell the story from the vantage-point of the first person. Moreover, the technique is the same throughout: liberal use is made of the device of rendering the characters' unconscious thoughts in the way first developed by James Joyce in "Ulysses." In fact Joyce is specially involved and commended in the second section for having said that "the infinitely small held infinite possibilities."

Enough has been said to show that this book will probably obtain but few readers who can dispose of sufficient time to read it through to the conclusion. The number of those who admire it will perhaps be even smaller. For H. D. as the prose writer is not the same as H. D. the poet. The hand that guides the stream of words and images may be that of H. D.; but the voice is the voice of James Joyce. And the poet is clear just where the prose-writer is thick, muddy, and unsubtle. Compare the following:

> Now she may say
> that I adore her face
> O brave, O true,
> for looking on that ruin of her grace,
>
> I shall see mirrored back,
> my sun, just you,
> All grave and decorous
> and very rare,
>
> As one set with dull gold and amber
> And with fair
> Tyrian blue hyacinths
> Against hyacinth hair.

Does not this lyric contain all the old magic of H. D. with an added touch—a patina—of the Elizabethans? But compare this with the following from the near context:

> Feet, feet, feet, feet. No Freddie, no Freddie not metres. Not poems. Not that kind of feet. No trochaic iambic or whatever, not verse free or otherwise. I am listening to something. To feet, feet, feet, but not that kind, nor your kind Freddie. No, not iambic feet, not beat and throb of metre, no Freddie. I don't want to write it.

Is it really worth while writing out all this endless set of variations and repetitions which go on for two pages more, simply to show that the poet's mind frequently wanders about while it is actually composing? Is not the poem itself worth much more than all the analysis upon it? Is the method of Joyce strictly speaking applicable to this sort of material? These questions demand an answer. To answer them, or to satisfy yourself concerning them, you must read through H. D.'s novel. To me the stern economy, the tenuous grace, the almost noiseless flight of H. D.'s genius in lyric poetry is swamped and lost in this spate of words. The section where she proves herself best master of her new medium is the first which does give, somewhat overladen by detail, some very vivid pictures of the Greek spirit absorbed and ravished by Rome and yet conquering the force that has beaten it. H. D. is still at her best when she deals with antiquity. From 75 B. C. to 1925 A. D. is too daring a leap. This novel is a palimpsest in more senses than one.

Qwertyuiop

A Shirt-Sleeves History

I. *Concluded*

IN my last instalment I was speaking of Chicago and of the old *Dial*, published in Chicago, so far removed in every sense from the present *Dial*. I had also spoken of Indiana, where James Whitcomb Riley in those days (1912) spent most of his time observing nature in a large motor car. But, as I think I had indicated, there was a certain amount of protest in those days also. In fact Mitchell Kennerley published Upton Sinclair's "Plays of Protest," London protested Pinero's "Mind-the-Paint Girl," and, to be facetious, a Cornish boatman protested to Conan Doyle (now Sir Arthur) that Sherlock Holmes had never been the same since falling off that cliff.

Things were stirring. Max Beerbohm brought out "Zuleika Dobson" through Lane. The youngest son of Mary Roberts Rinehart drew a plan of the lower floor of the family's new house in Pittsburgh, allowing for all sorts of secret doors, and passages between the walls. The London police were hunting Miss Pankhurst, and John Galsworthy came over in March to supervise Winthrop Ames's production of "The Pigeon." Mrs. W. W. Jacobs attained the front page by being arrested in the suffrage riots for smashing Londoners' windows. Also the first section of the 20th Century went into the river (surely a significant event!) and a Chinese army of about ten thousand marched on Peking to restore the Manchus.

But Don Marquis went on, just the same, leaving his umbrella by one of the steel pillars of the Brooklyn Bridge in the morning and safely retrieving it again every evening. Roosevelt went on slamming Taft, and taffeta went on down to the instep. Alfred Austin was England's poet laureate and Alfred Noyes had appendicitis, but was coming to our country in the fall to lecture. The theatre, as an indication of what was happening to us, does not, on the whole, seem to have been very indicative. As to opera, Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna" was the latest word, and Miss Farrar was being heard in Massenet's "Manon." For more plebeian amusement you could go to see "Officer 666," a melodramatic farce, or Cohan's "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." At the end of March Warfield had acted for his two hundredth time in "The Return of Peter Grimm," and Brady was doing extremely well with "Bunty Pulls the Strings" at the Broadway, where were gathered together such classic stars as Lillian Russell, Willie Collier, Fay Templeton, and Bessie Clayton. The parody title of the money-making play was "Bunty Bulls and Strings," which flashes a sidelight on the ephemeral quality of our slang. Eddie Foy was at the Globe in "Over the River."

* * *

In contradistinction to our lighter entertainment, Bergson was being read heavily as a philosopher, and a popular guide to his philosophy had just been issued. There were many books with an economic reference, like Tom Johnson's "My Story," Oberholtzer's "The Referendum in America," Bruce Wyman's "Control of the Market," Ida Tarbell's "The Tariff in Our Times," and "American Socialism of the Present Day," by Jesse Wallace Hughan. Reginald Wright Kauffman was telling us about "The Girl Who Goes Wrong." Olive Schreiner's "Woman and Labor" was recent; and we were still being practical with Bennett in "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," or mystical with Maeterlinck in "The Blue Bird." It was said that, though fiction had been the feature of the output of 1911, three-quarters of the religious books attaining selling importance, as well as 90 per cent of the publications on sociology and economics, were by Americans. The historical publications of Americans were also more important than those abroad, and William Roscoe Thayer's "Life of Cavour" had been the most finished biography of the past year.

In fiction, one of the chief discoveries of 1911 had been the author of "Dawn O'Hara" who became noted also for her short stories, a large number of which were published in the *Saturday Evening Post* during 1912. They formed the nucleus of her first collection of short stories, "Buttered Side Down." She, of course, was Edna Ferber, since famous for "So Big," and now for "Show Boat." Sinclair Lewis read her "Dawn O'Hara" for Stokes when it was in manuscript. He spent his evenings for a while being enthusiastic about it.

I see that I am like to get lost in the detail merely of the first year of the fifteen I have under discussion. Something ought to be done about it. But then it is this darned rambling mind of mine. My mind hasn't any fine Swiss movement. It goes backward and forward and roundabout. For instance, in my last instalment I referred to an early unknown poetic drama by Edgar Lee Masters in connection with the recent production of Franz Werfel's "Juarez and Maxmilian." It may be interesting to ask what Werfel himself was doing in Germany at that time, when Masters was still dandled unknown in the lap of the future. Well, Werfel, at the age of twenty-two, fresh from the University, was editorial adviser to the publishing house of Kurt Wolff in Leipzig. His first book of poems, "Der Weltfreund," had been brought out in 1911; his second, "Wir Sind," was to appear in 1913. A play of his was not produced till after the Great War, in Berlin. To us he was completely unknown long years after "Spoon River" had made Masters one of our national figures.

* * *

Our now eminent Dorothy Canfield, who had then published "The Squirrel Cage," had been spending the winter studying under Madame Montessori in Rome. She wrote articles on the Montessori system of juvenile education which was quite the talk of the time. All the way from Arlington, Vermont, she had traveled to sit at the feet of the teacher who had arisen as a greater than Froebel, and was the avatar of the new primary schools of our day. Madame Montessori's work bore definitely on sociology, and sociology was a widespread interest in the Spring of 1912. More books of essays on sociology appeared than ever before. There was sociological drama, and poetry had developed a distinct sociological tendency. The revival of interest in poetry, just beginning, was said by some to be due to the interest in John Masefield, whose "Everlasting Mercy" and "Widow in the Bye Street" were extremely recent. He and the other English poet, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, of "Daily Bread," had found material in the gutter and had viewed it in the light of the stars. In that Spring Walter Weyl discussed "Our New Democracy," the *Masses* flourished under Max Eastman, there was a symposium through Harper's by Wells, Lady Warwick, Sir E. Ray Lankester, and others on "Socialism and the Great State." As to the marriage problem, concerning which so many books of all kinds have since been written, the *American Magazine* serialized Well's novel "Marriage," and a lady in Los Angeles was denied a petition for divorce which she had filed charging her husband with cruelty. Unfortunately she spoke of "The Home Beautiful," wished to govern by love alone, and wrote a poem which irresistibly comes back to me. It was entitled "Woman's Lot," and ended, I remember:

> To believe in the thing you've hoped for,
> In spite of the sudden shower,
> Which only shakes the loosened leaves
> From off the growing flower;
> Tattered and bruised and drooping,
> Striving for God knows what;
> Felled—not fallen—by the wayside—
> This is a woman's lot.

More militant was the traveler and travel-writer, Miss Annie S. Peck, who planted a standard with "Votes for Women" upon the surprised summit of Mount Coropuna, Peru (el. 21,000 feet). And, though I may be getting ahead of my story, I recall with an huzza, the woman's parade up Fifth Avenue which ended in a big Carnegie Hall rally (yes, even though the good "Colonel" was so persistently heckled in those days in regard to Woman Suffrage). There were men in that parade. There strode Professor John Dewey, there Algernon Crapsey, Max Eastman, Hamilton Holt, James Harvey Robinson, Montague Glass (F. P. A.'s guess in *The Evening Mail* was that Monty Glass was the person meant in "To M. L. G.," the famous

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anonymous novel of the period), there Joel Elias Spingarn, Richard Le Gallienne, Oswald Garrison Villard, and Witter Bynner, all in saffron bands and streamers. Bynner indeed was delivered of the most sensible remark regarding the whole affair. "I am with this crowd," he smiled, "because I realize that I have two parents. Some men seem to think that they have only one." So the ten thousand toiled up the Avenue. I cannot give a description of what the ladies wore. I know that, the season before, wearers of the harem skirt had been mobbed in Paris, and that, in the spring, Paris had decided against panniers. At Auteuil, on the occasion of the $10,000 Prix du President de la République, mannikins had paraded in soft taffetas of "Attila blue," and "Messaline green." Their hats were small, square-crowned, and trimmed with "hussar osprey." In fact there was $50,000 worth of ospreys on show at Auteuil. Ralph Hodgson, the English poet, had not then written his brief but excoriating poems against the wearing of feathers in headgear. The skirts were clinging, draped with a knot in the back. Ostrich feathers were pronounced the favorite trimming for the edges of coats. And wheat soared to 1.10 and there was a wild market in the Chicago grain pit.

(*To be continued in a fortnight*)

A Shapely Soul

THE GIANT OF OLDBORNE. By JOHN OWEN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by MARGARET WILSON
Author of "The Able McLoughlins"

ON the jacket of this book is written;
In loving memory
of—
the Suffolk Giant,
who died —
"He was exhibited in most parts of the
the country, but he makes his best exhibition in the presence of his Blessed
Redeemer."

The above epitaph from a gravestone seventy years old, suggested to Mr. Owen the writing of this novel.

John Owen's novels have for some time been discussed in England by his admirers, who are discriminating rather than numerous, but this is by far his finest achievement. The subject is exactly suited to his gentle directness. It is the study of a shapely soul in a grotesque body, of a shy spirit in a flesh which provokes facetiousness. The tragedy of his Daniel Windmill, weakened so much by the freakish overgrowth of his body that he is unable to defend himself against bands of young hoodlums, writhing under the ridicule of eyes which seems to start at his feet and makes a weary journey up to his head, this agony is set forth in the tenderest simplicity. When no one would hire the poor lad, when the church seemed to inform him that Jesus called only little children, when it appeared to be rejoicing because small David slew the poor great Goliath, when he lay hidden in the woods longing to die under the impression that in heaven all men are of the same height, the gloating circus men found him. Daniel Windmill tried to find some other way to earn a living for his mother. Only after he had failed altogether, did he surrender himself to the circus. Then the girl he adored, his "little" love—she was shapely and sweetly-colored person with a deformed mind—had more reason than ever for taunting him with being but a show freak. But the end of the exquisite tale is happy. David found ease for his pain, and the ultimate consolation.

The book will be diverting enough to the theatrically-minded, to those who enjoy "being different," to all who like attracting attention and being conspicuous. But to those who have suffered, being stared at, its poignancy is almost intolerable. And therein lies its merit. Rodin is reported to have said "when Valesquez painted Sebastian, the dwarf of Phillip IV, he gave him a look so touching that we know at once the tragedy of that poor soul who to earn his living had to divest himself of human dignity, to become a toy, a plaything. It is because this martyrdom appears immediately so poignant that we pronounce the achievement of the artist masterly." This fine piece of work by Mr. Owen has a similar excellence.

The BOWLING GREEN

Priestess

SHE sits within a tall four-sided desk, prettily enclosed as Ianthe or Rhodope in a quatrain by Landor. Across her fine dark head the two bright filaments are as decorative as a Greek fillet. They confirm her air of priestess or sibyl. In that great temple she sits among the fluted columns, a priestess of Mercury. Desk, do I call it? It is prie-dieu, mercy-seat. Yet how much lovelier is she than mere priestess. That cunningest appeal of all to the gust of man: priestess and wench in one.

Her hair, I don't need to tell you, is cropped close down the back, you can admire her glorious nape as she sits with her head bent a little forward. Down into the plain collar of her soft white blouse pass the living curves of her neck. Gosh, I say to myself, maybe I ought to have been a sculptor. Thank goodness I'm not. Not for me the pang of trying to put anything so mobile as that into the sudden death of Form. The sculptor, poor frenzied policeman, can rarely do better than a *proxime accessit*. He is a cop making an arrest. He usually arrests the Innocent Bystander. The real culprit, Life Itself, escapes.

* * *

Her head is either bending tenderly forward, or looking quickly up over the high counter. How cunningly (had you ever thought?) the whole arrangement is planned so that she can watch her little flock of devotees, seeing that they don't leave the bronze confessionals without paying their proper cengé. Is it that continual changing flex of muscles that makes her neck so comely? A soft light shines upward from her instrument board, so that the rouge of her cheeks—which in a crueller illumination would be excessive—seems just the charmingest flush of vital excitement. It is as though she were daintily embarrassed by the urgency of all these affairs, by the multiplication of calls upon her. That heightened color of hers, artful as the theatre's tricks, adds such minute but goblin subtlety to the whole ceremony. And her looking up at you, from her low posture beneath the sheltering rampart. Women should always look up. As you watch from one side (oh, incorrigible watcher) under the shifting aperture of her blouse you will see perhaps a flash of that loveliest of curves, the little shallow slope in front of the shoulder. What shoulders she must have, bless her!

Tenderly, I said, she bends forward. There is an extraordinary gallantry about that head. There is pride in it, the subtle pride of one who has the perfect savvy of her job, isn't going to be buffaloed by anything. But there is sweetness too: the most curious calm gentleness in the shape of her lips bending close to the speaking tube. Oh I know you think I'm absurd, you think I'm romancing; but even if so, what were we put here for but that? I have seen young mothers' lips leaning down just so to the brow of an infant. Delicately she touches the mouthpiece (that ingrate tube of rubber) with her lovely lips, brooding on it, talking into it tenderly, calmly, persuasively. A very small and impish sensitiveness trembles at the corner of those lips. I don't think she knows it is there: but it is at the corners that mouths, like streets, give themselves away. That hungry mouthpiece nestles to her, tightened to her very heart; she nurses Communication on her rich bosom. I have called that great hall a temple, it is just that. The big directories on the rack are like Bibles, and just as worshipfully conned. At least they are sibylline tomes, and one remembers in the Old Testament a book called Numbers. Is not hers, after all, a communion service?

* * *

Beauty is a strange conjunction of influences. To me, as I sometimes watch her surrounded by her clients, she seems very beautiful. I will not say she would always seem so, but in her own element she is mistress of the event. A perfect operator nobly planned, to warn, to comfort, and command. Beautiful as she is, she has to be wise. Calm, unperturbed—with "deliberate speed, majestic instancy"—see her manage her anxious congregation. Nothing numbers, making change, watching the row of booths, getting reports on Long Distance calls, doing special kindness for habitual customers, yet beneath all this coruscating detail moves the steady flow of her own temperament. There are some mysterious clients who are there day after day: it appears that they transact all their affairs in this public lobby. It is the cheapest way, surely, of Doing Business.

A whole shifting world of lights twinkles at her command. When her capable hands move, brightnesses flash on and off. As the Book of Numbers accurately says, "The pillars of the court round about, and their sockets, and their pins, and their cords, with all their instruments, and with all their service: and by name ye shall reckon the instruments of the charge." And she "takes the sum of all the congregation of the children of Israel, with the number of their names."

She is connoisseur of voices: she knows them all, the anxious, the impatient, the shaken, the rude. She even knows, perhaps, the inward sickness that precedes some connection of destiny. That troublesome infant on her breast, how gravely, how wisely, how softly she cajoles it! "I'm waiting for a report on that Cincinnati call." "That's four times I've asked for a report. It's ridiculous." That is her severest reproach to those other unseen sisters who haven't made good. "It's ridiculous." Kindly she shepherds her little flock. She intercedes for them with the enigmatic divinities down the little tube. "There's a party here's in a hurry, he's only got a few minutes." "Now be sure to say that very distinctly, it's a personal call, he's got to get that party." And meanwhile carrying in her mind the details of a dozen concurrent calls. "Doylestown's still busy." "Philadelphia in Booth 15." "Mister, you forgot something." (This to the absent-minded patron who, having got his call, is hurrying away forgetting the fee.) "I'm still waiting for a report on Cincinnati." "Give me the manager's office, this is ridiculous."

* * *

Madonna of the wires! Calm, beautiful, hurried, ready with equal skill to transact bus of life and death or casual banter, you may wonder that her motley congregation adore her. They save for her that specially healthy affection that men have for women who are competent in their task. And you may know too, by the quick alert flash of those handsome grey eyes that she is not just operator. She is woman, with all woman's terrifying charm. "You mustn't mind my admiring you a little," I said to her. "I think you're wonderful."

For there never was priestess yet who did not tempt men to drag her away from the altar and make mere woman of her.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Jean Richepin, best known of the French romantic poets during the latter part of the last century and since then a poet of academic rank, died the other day at the age of 77. His first published verses, "La Chanson des Gueux," issued in 1876, caused such a scandal that the poet was sentenced to four months in prison. For some twenty years thereafter, (says a cable dispatch to the New York *Times* from which we quote this note), Richepin was a poet of truculent new ideas of "blasphemies" and the romantic life. His theatrical work, which was voluminous, was of the same sort.

In 1897 in "Le Chemineau," which was immediately put into the repertory o fthe State Theatre, Richepin reached the peak of his literary reputation. After that his character seemed to undergo a complete change. The "Gypsy" and "Blasphemer" became content to receive the honor of being elected a member of the institute and to write official odes.

M. Richepin was born in Algeria, the son of an army surgeon, and educated at Paris. After making a good record in the war of 1870-71, he roamed for a year or so through Southern Eurooe, earning a precarious living as sailor, porter, longshoreman and professor of languages. He even wrestled for money at fairs. In view of these early experiences, it is reasonable to believe that "Le Chemineau," or "The Tramp" contains autobiography.

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Books of Special Interest

German Classics

THE CLASSICAL AGE OF GERMAN LITERATURE, 1748-1805. By L. A. WILLOUGHBY. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. $1.50.

Reviewed by CARL F. SCHREIBER
Yale University

PROFESSOR J. G. ROBERTSON must have been extremely gratified when this useful little book by one of his former pupils came into his hands. These many years Professor Robertson has held a position of distinction internationally among the workers in the field of German. It can be a matter of no small satisfaction to him to realize that he has been able to pass on his scholarship and industry so successfully.

Dr. Willoughby prefaces his seven brief chapters: The Premises; The Awakening; Lessing; Herder and the Göttinger Bund; Goethe and the "Sturm and Drang;" The Return to Classicism; Goethe and Schiller, with the remarks: "In writing this book I had in view especially two types of reader: the general public for whom this series is intended, and the young student of German literature, whether he be in his last year at school or his first year at college." Now as regards "the general public" I must take issue with the author. I do not know which Dr. Willoughby cherishes most, a popularity for his little book, or the careful scholarship which it discloses. It has been well said that one of the best approaches to a study of Goethe's works is by way of the many Fragments he has left. His masterpieces are so carefully and skilfully completed, that it is difficult to see of what they were made. And so of this brief sketch of classical German literature; it is so compact, so skilfully knit together that he who has not done considerable reading in this period will be quite unable to unravel the thread of the story for his own use. A careful study of Max Müller's German Classics, especially Volume II, will serve as an excellent preparation. The German scholar, however, must congratulate Dr. Willoughby on the masterly compression of a diffuse subject matter.

One important movement within these dates has been omitted. The author says: "The early Romantic School, for instance, was in many ways complimentary and parallel to the classical movement, and it was also largely contemporaneous. But it is so big with new problems and theories that it could only find adequate treatment in a separate volume." How the Anglo-Saxon shies at German Romanticism! The problems are indeed as difficult of comprehension as the Germans themselves. We may not like their Romanticism, but in order to understand modern German history it is imperative that we give these national propagandists an *ex parte* hearing. We shall look forward to this second volume with especial interest.

Dr. Willoughby has dressed up his story in good old homespun, with now and then a modern furbelow. Of Schiller's "Raüber" he says: "it furnished admirable political propaganda for the French Jacobins, as it does still today for the Russian Bolsheviks." Herder is lifted out of the eighteenth century and walks among us a great prophetic teacher.

Amidst the madness of rulers and nations Herder upholds the project (borrowed from his master Kant) of perpetual peace and a league of nations. In a world inspired by military prowess he calls armies the "terrible burden of mankind," and hates the very name of war. He was not only a good European, but a good German as well, and calls on his fellow countrymen to work for a Germany worthy of its great traditions: "If Germany is not to become a second Poland, we must foster in every individual the feeling that we are one people, one fatherland, one language."

A Valuable Review

THE GERMANIC REVIEW. New York: Columbia University Press. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

THE three ranking members of the Department of Germanic Languages and Literatures at Columbia University—Professors R. H. Fife, A. F. J. Remy, and F. W. J. Heuser—founded *The Germanic Review* in the sound belief that "the interest in Germanic studies in America is still far behind that which their importance demands." Volume I is complete. It consists of 372 large pages of material packed with facts, divided among thirty-nine independent articles, eleven book reviews, three obituaries, and a handful of notes and announcements. The first volume is a distinct credit to American scholarship, and friends of the elusive phase of modern life can only hope that the *Review* is destined to a long life of unique usefulness.

The editors welcome criticism. If one were minded to act the part of a mere *unnützer Querulant*, crotchety opinions might be forthcoming: the proof-reading could be a little better for it should be perfect; some of the articles, such as Francis A. Woods's "Indo-Germanic PT: Germanic F" are so lexicographic that they never have been and never will have been read by but three people; others, such as Ernest Rose's on Paul Heyse's social sense and Ernst Feise's on Goethe's "Werther" are far too long; the notes on courses to be given should deal with German rather than American universities; and the advertisements, if taken from foreign-language journals, should be left in that foreign language, or at least not badly translated leaving such expressions as "this so accomplished a work."

But these are not monumental issues; moreover, the editors have shown that they have been finding themselves: They have made some striking changes in succeeding issues and have, it would seem, settled down in the last number which, despite the fact that such venerable *doyens* in the field as Kuno Francke and Hermann Collitz contributed to the initial number, is the best of the volume, and that is noble praise.

In succeeding issues the editors should greatly widen their territory. "Germanic Languages and Literatures" is an elaborate phrase. Even with the complete omission of Germanic dialects, Platt-Deutsch for example, there are nine altogether vigorous Germanic languages: English, German, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Flemish, Icelandic, and last though not least Afrikaans, for with the loosening up of the British Empire, the British Africans are showing a robust even if brusque determination to become a literary folk on their own account. Volume I of the *Review* is confined pretty closely to what we know as German.

The articles are, in the nature of the case, contributory rather than interpretative. This is wise. We have long had an excess of journals of opinion. There is no reason however why a "contribution" should not be about as interesting as an "interpretation." And indeed there are several studies in the *Review* which any intelligent layman might go through with interesting profit. There is Anna Jacobson's "Walt Whitman in Germany since 1914." It is immensely illuminating to see how such Germans as Franz Werfel, Thomas Mann, Stephan Zweig, Johannes Schlaf, and Johannes R. Becher ran to Walt Whitman as to an *abri* when the World War had reached the stage where the laborer became the world's colorless hope. It broadens the mind to read an investigation of this sort, stop though we must just before reaching the paragraph where it is suggested that Woodrow Wilson took his fourteen points from Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

The *Review* is underwritten by an even dozen of generous patrons. May the confidence and wallet of each of them be a stranger to distress forever, for here is a good cause that is being sensibly managed.

"Fell" Types

SPECIMEN OF BOOKS PRINTED AT OXFORD WITH THE TYPES GIVEN TO THE UNIVERSITY BY JOHN FELL. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925. $21.

Reviewed by CARL P. ROLLINS
Yale University Press

THE name and fame of John Fell, Dean of Christ Church and Bishop of Oxford, are known chiefly through the lilting parody of his refractory pupil, Tom Brown. But, loved or not, Fell was a man of energy and accomplishments in the latter half of the seventeenth century. He built Tom Tower, with Wrenn as architect, and numerous other buildings for his college and see. What may, however, prove as enduring a memorial was his patronage of the Oxford University Press. He promoted the setting up of the paper mill at Wolvercote where Oxford paper is still made; he initiated the Oxford printing of bibles and prayer-books; he joined in the financing and managing of the Press; and he suggested to Archbishop Sheldon the gift of the Sheldonian Theatre and printing-house. And between 1667 and 1672 Fell imported from Holland and gave to the Oxford University Press various punches, matrices, and type, thus establishing the Oxford type-foundry. It is these "Fell" types which have kept his name alive in connection with Oxford printing for two hundred and fifty years.

The provenance of this type has been fairly well determined, its designers being probably Dirch Vostens of Amsterdam and Christopher van Dijk of Haarlem. Fell's agent in the Low Countries had difficulty in getting the material, and the whole story has been told in the late Horace Hart's "Notes on a Century of Typography at the Oxford University Press," where facsimile summaries are shown of the type given under this benefaction. Now comes a splendid supplementary volume, from the hand of Mr. R. W. Chapman, Secretary to the Delegates of the Oxford University Press, showing the Fell type as it has been used from 1674 to 1925, by means of characteristic specimens.

The series of roman and italic characters grouped for convenience under the name of the donor is perhaps the most distinguished type face in use today. It is easy to say that it has not the finality of Jenson's roman, or the monumental quality of Garamond's, or the superb reasonableness of Caslon's: but it has qualities of charm and comeliness and spirited drawing which make it attractive even when set up by some of the queer standards of the Oxford Press. It is certainly the deficiencies of the type in the matter of modelling which give it spice, and it may be the Oxford spacing which gives it charm in the printed page: at all events the attempt to resist it in the modern style seems to give it a mock Italianate character out of harmony with its inherent excellencies. It is difficult to say what gives chahm to type witness Caslon and its numerous "improved" forms—but Fell's Dutch importation surely has it. Take such Oxford books as the Bibles of 1717 and 1727, the Order of the Administration of the Holy Communion of 1911, Greville's "Life of Sir Philip Sidney" of 1912, or the shy issues of the Daniel Press: there is no formula for such delightful volumes. They lack the nobility and the suavity of the great typographic monuments, but they leave with one a quiet sense of mundane pleasure. Like Magdalen and Iffley and Burford Bridge and the river Thames itself, they bring up

strange enchantments of the past,
And memories of the friends of old.

Memorial History

THE EMPIRE AT WAR. Edited by Sir Charles Lucas, K.C.B. Vol. V. Oxford University Press. 1926.

THIS fifth volume completes the series edited by Sir Charles Lucas for the Royla Colonial Institute, with the object of providing in convenient form a general survey of the contribution of the Dominions beyond the Seas to the task of the Empire in the Great War. Previous volumes have dealt with the effort of the grown-up and independent Dominions, whose troops played so famous a part in the struggle; the present one brings forward those whose effort has been less known outside of British lands. It includes the Indian contingents, and the general effort in the war made by the vast Indian Empire both at home and in foreign fields; the contribution of Egypt and Malaya, and of the smaller outposts of Empire such as Gibraltar, Cyprus, Aden; and last of all the British communities in China. In addition there is gathered together a series of general accounts of the campaigns in the East in which these contingents played a leading part: those in Sinai and Palestine, for instance, and distant operations such as the taking of Tsing-Tao. These accounts are not summaries after the usual fashion of memorial histories, but careful military narratives written by competent hands—Mr. C. T. Atkinson, for one. The Indian effort, and the expansion of the Indian army, has been treated by Sir Francis Younghusband.

Thus, while the chief purpose of the series is to serve as a Memorial History, making its chief appeal to British readers, the authoritative character of many of the contributions give the volumes their value as books of reference. This volume is of interest in many ways—not the least in that it preserves a record of the whole-hearted effort of communities so small and remote that one had hardly thought of their existence on the war map. All of them, as it proves, left their mark there;—and one is left with the impression that the smaller they were and the more remote, the keener their desire to play their part, the more intensely British their spirit.

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Books of Special Interest

Middle Class Life

THE THIBAULTS. By ROGER MARTIN DU GARD. Translated by Madeline Boyd. New York: Boni and Liveright. 2 vols. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE name of Roger Martin Du Gard has not been a particularly distinguished one in contemporary French literature. The author of a farce once produced by Antoine, and of a novel called "Jean Barois," which deals with the days when France was shaken by the Dreyfuss case, he has attempted a cyclic picture of middle class existence in "Les Thibault," which the *Nouvelle Revue Française* began to publish in 1923. This work of indeterminate length so far extends to but three parts, constituting two volumes in Mrs. Boyd's translation. In France it has met with polite acclamations in certain conservative quarters. Its early appearance in English is therefore not a little surprising.

In his novels M. Martin Du Gard attempts to revive the methods and the attitude of the "Comédie Humaine." He is a social novelist, armed with satire, who desires his books to form part of the great tradition of the French novel. He is often deliberately old fashioned in his presentation of character. Also, psychology is considered as an adjunct, and not an important one, in his pages. The concentration is on background and narrative rather than character.

He has taken, as a significant social phenomenon an upper middle class family, the Thibaults. The development of the younger members of this family is the principal concern of his series of novels in so far as it is yet manifested. Presumably he is to give us a full life history of a generation of Thibaults.

The primary reaction of a reader faced with the Thibaults is, I am afraid, to say: What hopeless people! Albert Thibault, the father, is a professional reformer. An obstinate, pompous, energetic man, member of the Institute, author of many schemes for preserving the integrity of society by force, he is continually in conflict with his sons. The younger, Jacques, has run away with a school companion, Daniel Fontanin. When they are caught, and returned by the police, M. Thibault does not hesitate to send his son to a reformatory which he has founded. This is the first part, sub-titled "Le Cahier Gris." The second, "Le Pénitencier" is given over to the efforts of the elder son, Antoine, a young doctor, to rescue his brother from the spiritual degradation of the reformatory, and from his father's influence. His own development, and his unhappy affair with a curious and fatal woman, Rachel Goepffert, are the leading themes of the third portion of the narrative, "La Belle Saison." The unfortunate Jacques, with his boils and his problems, the incredible red-haired Rachel with her passion for negroes, the aimless Mme. Fontanin, a score of sickly children, the priggish doctor, and the musty household of the Thibaults are undoubtedly as unattractive a lot as one could easily find. Daniel Fontanin, who is weakly charming, is the sole hopeful figure.

But all these frustrated characters do at least prepare a large, and varied field for M. Martin Du Gard's study. There are innumerable conflicts, and contrasts implied in the story outlined in these two volumes. The father versus the sons, the Protestant Fontanins against the Catholic Thibaults, the dulness of one household against the unhappy excitement of the other, the arrested youth of Jacques contrasted with the brilliancy of Daniel, the intellectuality of Antoine overturned by Rachel's sensuality,—the possibilities are endless. Unfortunately, it cannot be said that the author has made more than a competent attack upon his theme. The first volume is filled with heavy handed satire centered about the oldest Thibault. The presentation of Jacques, who dominates the first volume as Antoine does the second, is accomplished by a careful piling up of realistic detail rather than through the irresistible creative impulse that puts a remarkable and memorable character lastingly before the reader. Indeed, throughout, M. Martin Du Gard gives more evidence of being a careful and accurate observer and an admirable literary architect than of being a writer of the first calibre. His outlines are neatly filled in, but there is a manufactured air, an unattractive artificiality, about his people. And yet it is in the scenes of powerful emotion that he is at his best in the second volume. He is never subtle or penetrating, but often he contrives by force to be affecting. When Mme. Fontanin goes to France to see her husband's mistress die, or when Antoine performs a midnight operation and saves the life of a child, one feels that at least M. Martin Du Gard is putting his heart into his work. He delights in death and operations. The last horrible detail, the last medical symptom is given. It is wearing, but it is also moving, while portions of the early story of Jacques are sheer weariness. The parting of Rachel, and Antoine, sadistic in its overtones, concludes the second volume. In many ways this is the most complete and expert of the author's little melodramas. One hopes that in the volumes to come he will be able to maintain the intensity and the threatening atmosphere of this parting.

It is inevitable that M. Martin Du Gard, if only because he is writing a long novel, should be compared with Proust. In almost every detail the comparison is inadmissable. The aim, the principal themes, the style, the form, and the point of view of "A La Recherche du Temps Perdu" are all wholly different. In addition the psychology, peculiarly personal, and the endless analyses which compose it, make Proust's work a novel only in a broad and special sense. Technically, as he admits, M. Martin Du Gard stems directly from Balzac. His work, in so far as it has been revealed, is at once more conventional in form, more direct in its approach to the reader, and less profound in its analyses of character than Proust's—in short, less modern, taking the word in its accepted sense of contrast with past models. His effects seem more deliberately calculated than Proust's; his narrative more important. But when one of his characters acts, the result is far less surprising. His work is carefully arranged, and built up within a definite framework; while the bounds of Proust's imagination, and interests alone give form to the immense accretion of prose that is his great work.

Mrs. Boyd must be credited with bravery and faith in undertaking the translation of so enormous a book in the earlier stages of its formation. In the main she has performed the first part of her task satisfactorily. Her prose does not flow as smoothly as her husband's version of Maupassant, but it is obvious that there is at least a proportionate inequality in the originals.

Totemism

SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY. By GÉZA RÓHEIM. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $7.50.

Under the title of "Social Anthropology," Géza Róheim presents in detail a psychoanalytic study of Australian totemism, a carefully planned and skilfully executed follow-up to Freud's pioneer work, "Totem and Taboo." To Róheim's mind the work of Freud ushers in a new epoch in the history of anthropology; thus, "the historian of Anthropology in future ages will note three great years in our science: 1871 for 'Primitive Culture,' 1890 for 'The Golden Bough,' 1912 for 'Totem and Taboo,' and it is only with the third that we have begun to see behind the curtain of the stage on which the great Drama of Mankind is acted. Psychoanalysis opens the road for a dynamic point of view; we see savage behavior in the making, we see the moulding forces at work."

It is not strange then that he accepts as absolute the fundamental assumptions of Freud and deduces a psychological explanation of totemism in terms of repression and symbolism. But aside from the question as to whether the Freudian way is the one sure road to an understanding of social life, Róheim has fairly stated the limitations of the modern historical method in anthropology, though recognizing the substantial contribution this method has made and may still be expected to make. Historical anthropology makes no attempt to explain how a taboo came into existence in the first instance, but observes taboos wherever discovered, studies them as a part of the tribal complex, notes their geographical distribution, etc., gradually constructing a plausible theory of where and when each discernible form of taboo evolved into another, tracing the borrowing of these forms from tribe to tribe. The psychoanalytic objective is something different, the ideal being to say why there is a taboo in the first place, and what function it fills as a living reality; in fact, to make a strong plea for a dynamic, as opposed to an historical, conception of social behavior.

In the projection of this study of totemism the author seems to have set himself two tasks, first to experiment in the psychoanalytic interpretation of Australian totemism, and, secondly, to test the conclusions so deduced by subjecting them to the historical method as used in contemporary anthropology. So the first six chapters of the book are designated as analytic, the remaining chapter as historical in method and content. Yet, throughout, the psychoanalytic method is used; in the one case, to discover the unconscious factors resulting in the specific social practices examined; in the other, to study the geographical distribution of these psychological types of social behavior. Thus, the author justifies his claim that the accepted method of social anthropology has been used in this research.

All this will interest both psychoanalysts and anthropologists, and the non-professional reader, enjoying a casual acquaintance with either anthropology or psychoanalysis, will find much of interest and profit in this volume. If one seeks familiarity with the Freudian approach to social phenomena, this book is indispensable. If, on the other hand, he is curious about the place of totemism in anthropological thought, then these pages will go far to enlighten him.

The style is concise and direct. In handling his difficult task, the author shows an amazing familiarity with the details of Australian social life, a subject which college students in anthropology find peculiarly baffling. So the reader who follows him to the end and fully assimilates the geographical facts presented in the numerous maps accompanying the text, must necessarily close the volume with a far better understanding of totemism, even if he do not accept the initial assumptions upon which the work is based.

At the same time that the author emphasizes natural selection as a cause of evolution, he does not pretend that it explains the cause of variability. As Darwin insisted, the theory accepts variation as a fact, an expression "of that general instability and inconstancy that is a fundamental feature of all living substance."

In his consideration of the evolution of man, the author differs in some points from most students of this subject; as, for example, in his conclusion that in all probability man evolved in a cold climate. He is in agreement with Elliot Smith, however, in the importance which he places upon the special development of the sense of sight in the mental evolution of man. The position of the eyes, so that both can be brought to bear on the same object, is undoubtedly associated with a nocturnal habit and is advantageous to an animal moving in dim light by the much stronger impression thereby made upon the brain. It is also obviously necessary for the development of stereoscopic vision which is so essential for the judging of distance.

The author regards as the most important step in the higher mental development of man his use of symbols to represent ideas which thereby can be passed on from one individual to another. Although even in the lower animals symbols are used to express feelings or emotions such as the many well known attitudes, gestures, and cries of many animals, even as simple as some of the insects and spiders, only man has succeeded in elaborating a language which permits the communication of ideas in detail.

In an exceedingly interesting chapter on the evolution of civilization, the conclusion is expressed that there is no escape from the high price of racial degeneration which we have to pay for the comforts and advantages of modern civilization. The only ray of hope which is held out is the fact that culture, as in no other period of human history, is embodied in books so that it may be taken over by others in a kind of relay race, even if one race after another suffers extinction.

A quarterly review edited and financed bv a group of young negro artists and devoted exclusively to the newer negro art has just made its appearance. It is to be called *Fire*, and its format will be somewhat comparable to that of *The Theatre Arts Monthly*. Its purpose will be to encourage the art of the younger negroes and also to give the works of the group a chance to appear. One of the group is Langston Hughes, author of "The Weary Blues."

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Literature Abroad

By Ernest Boyd

THE twenty-third award of the Goncourt Prize has been made to Henri Deberly for his novel "Le Supplice de Phèdre," which was published by the Nouvelle Revue Française about a month or so ago, just a few weeks before the date when the ten members of the Goncourt Academy vote on "the best work of imagination in prose, and exclusively in prose, published during the year." Having just previously elected Georges Courteline, thereby bringing back to their meetings Lucien Descaves, who had boycotted the Academy in protest against their previous rejections of the author of "Boubouroche," the members were actually ten in number on this occasion, for the first time in some years.

The Goncourt Prize, which is only 5,000 francs, remains by long odds the most important of the innumerable literary awards made in France each year. Its actual value to the author in sales has been estimated at 100,000 copies, at least, and despite several mediocre choices, especially all those which have followed the award to Proust in 1919, the list of prize-winners since 1903 contains many distinguished names. Against the last half dozen: "Nène," by Ernest Pérochon, "René Maran's "Batouala," "Le Martyre de l'Obèse," by Henri Béraud, Lucien Fabre's "Rabevel," "Mienne," by Thierry Sandre, and Maurice Genevoix's "Raboliot," which were at best just passably entertaining fiction, must be set the recognition of such writers as the Tharaud brothers, Duhamel, Proust, and such individual works as Claude Farrère's "Les Civilisés" and Barbusse's "Le Feu."

Within the past six years the membership of the Goncourt Academy has been modified by deaths, and Léon Hennique is now the sole survivor of the original Goncourt circle. His colleagues are Léon Daudet, Pol Neveux, Gaston Chérau, the brothers Rosny, Jean Ajalbert, Raoul Ponchon, Courteline, and Descaves. These are not names which have become household words in France itself, and foreign readers other than specialists might have some difficulty in giving any substantial account of most of them. Undoubtedly the one writer of undisputed distinction is the newcomer, Georges Courteline, who is a comic genius in the direct line of Molière. The undistinguished character of the novels selected of late has been attributed to the peculiar composition of the Academy itself, which consists of old gentlemen nourished in the realistic school and middle-aged authors of little read works. Raoul Ponchon and Courteline, both humorists, and the two latest members, are the only ones whose writings are known and admired all over France.

Is Henri Deberly, like his immediate predecessors, destined to develop into another author of the category so largely represented in the Goncourt Academy? Let us note what he has done so far. He was born in 1882 at Amiens, and became a lawyer, but soon forsook that profession for literature. In 1921 he published his first volume, "L'Arc-en-Ciel," a book of verse, which was followed by another, "Grains d'Ambre et d'Or" in 1922. Neither of these attracted much attention, but in 1923 his first novel appeared, "L'Impudente," and was received with an enthusiasm which has not been extended to the three novls which came in rapid succession during the next two years: "Prosper et Broudilfagne," "L'Ennemi des Siens," and "Pancloche," which received three votes for the Goncourt Prize in 1925. His new book, "Le Supplice de Phèdre," it seems to me is as good, but no better, than "L'Impudente," and I am left wondering how the Prize could have been given to a Paul de Kock melodrama like "Rabevel" in the year that saw the publication of Deberly's first novel.

As might be expected from a writer who was unknown but over forty when he published "L'Impudente," Henri Deberly is not a young innovator. He writes, not in the modern manner of Giraudoux or Morand, but in that of the early realists, and he can write as badly and as digressively as Balzac. The strength and originality of that novel reside in its content rather than in its form. The situation is commonplace in its simplicity: a girl comes as a governess to a boy, deliberately sets out to destroy the household, and succeeds in detaching both the husband and the child from the mother. The psychology of these three people makes an admirable study, intensified by the skill with which the author maintains all three in the foreground, so that Denise and her husband are as assuredly the important figures in this drama as Lola, who is titularly the subject of the book. The narrative is as packed with psychological invention as the average adventure story with incident, and without having recourse to pathological analysis Deberly contrives in this sombre and intense story to plumb the lowest depths of the human soul.

In "Prosper et Broudilfagne" the author essays a lighter vein and suggests comparisons with "Ubu Roi" and "L'Ile des Pingouins," but these comparisons are not entirely to his advantage. Deberly imagines two kingdoms at war, in which the people decide to have compulsory service for only one citizen, and that citizen is the king. The problem of maintaining military discipline is not simplified by having only one soldier on each side, and the situation lends itself to satire which would be better were it sharper. An apologia for political assassination raises hopes for a harsher burlesque of political events than Deberly seems able or willing to achieve. Alfred Jarry would have done it one way and Anatole France another. He tries to give us a little of both methods.

From buffoonery to tragedy Henri Deberly passes in "L'Ennemi des Siens," which is another domestic drama like "L'Impudente." A selfish and harsh father is "the enemy of his own people," for his discipline and brutal incomprehension of his children's rights leads to the complete disintegration of his daughter Isabelle's character. The degradation of this girl under pressure of the circumstances which drive her back upon herself, and the general picture of family tyranny as it exercises its ravages in so many provincial French families, provide the author with a theme which perhaps has more force in France than in countries where his very postulates would be instinctively rejected. "Pancloche" makes similar demands upon a feeling for French traditions, for it is the story of a man who is imprisoned for a crime he has not committed, is rehabilitated, returns in triumph to his native village, but gradually finds that his acquittal can never clear him in the eyes of his neighbors entrenched in their incurable respectability.

"Le Supplice de Phèdre" is a vastly more interesting novel, having for its subject the love of a stepmother for her husband's son. Hélène Soré, however, like the Phedra of old, does not actually commit incest, less because of her own virtue than because Marc is in love with another woman and does not respond, or even definitely realize the strange passion which has grown up in his stepmother's heart. Henri Deberly's study of that passion is a powerful and convincing work of analysis. Hélène is shown as a perfectly decent, normal woman, and the subtle development in her of a forbidden love is traced with great skill, until the reader sees it as inevitable and is left in doubt until the last moment as to whether Marc will be another Hippolytus. Deberly treats his subject without prudery or prurience, he is not afraid of the passionate intensity, the violent sensuality, and horrified despair, which are the keynote of Hélène Soré's tragedy. He has been successful, therefore, in handling a theme which is commonly regarded as unsuitable in modern literature.

Publication of the Austin papers, which will afford students nearly 3,000 pages of material bearing on the history of the Southwest, will be completed next year, according to a report of the committee on publications read before the council of the American Historical Association, which recently held a session at Columbia University. The three volumes, the last of which is now in proof, cover the years 1828-1834, and will constitute the fifteenth report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, headed by Dr. Barrett Learned, historian, Washington, D. C. Publication of the Austin papers was authorized in 1919 by the association. They differ widely from any collection heretofore published by the association, and will comprise one of the most significant contributions that have ever been made to the social history of the men and women who redeemed Texas from the wilderness. During eleven years the association has sponsored twenty-three volumes of printed historical matter, about 11,500 pages in all, of which about one-third are included in the Austin papers.

Decadence?

By Magdeleine Marx

POSER une semblable question à un moment où les talents se multiplient, et où il n'est guère de semaine qui ne revèle un nouveau "jeune auteur," ou le nouveau brillant ouvrage d'un jeune auteur déjà connu, cela semble du paradoxe.

Et pourtant, la question se pose.

Je reviens d'Amérique, les yeux remplis d'images étonnantes, toute vibrante encore de la fantastique vision d'un monde à son aurore, et ce malaise j'ai, depuis longtemps, devant la production française contemporaine, ce malaise se précise: Je me trouve à présent devant une maladie qui prend un nom et suit un cours.

Depuis mon retour, j'ai lu, entassé les volumes, relu avec honnêteté, avec obstination, avec acharnement: Quel sombre pessimisme, à travers toutes ces pages imprimées! A en croire nos écrivains, nous vivons dans un monde de vieillards et de neurasthéniques où personne ne croit plus à rien, ni à personne, au milieu d'une société de marionnettes qu'on tire par deux ficelles: Cupidité, Concupiscence.

L'amour?—Ne leur parlez pas de ce sentiment démodé, qui interesse tout ou plus quelques pensionnaires de couvents! Le couple, l'union tendre et solide de l'homme et de la femme?—Laissez les rire! La recherche du devoir?—A d'autres! A qui ferà-t-on croire qu'il existe sur terre des gens assez niais pour tomber dans ces panneaux là! Et puis, qu'est-ce que c'est que ça, le devoir? Le devoir, pour chacun aujourdhui, c'est, au plus tôt, de rouler dans une soixante chevaux, de faire de bons dîners qui vous laissent un petit goût de "fine Napoléon," de passer de bonnes soirées avec des "types très rigoles." Qui osera dire le contraire?

Et plus les livres succédent aux livres, plus on déchire les bandes vertes ou roses qui protègent dans le monde des romans nouveaux-nés, plus sincèrement on plaint les malheureux auteurs qui s'épuisent, visiblement, à la recherche des "sujets," mieux on croit les entendre dire: "Rien n'est nouveau, hélas, sous le soleil; malheur à nous, qui vivons dans un temps où tout a été dit!"

Il est tout à fait évident que l'adultère est bien rebattu, que les idylles entre petits jeunes gens et petits jeunes filles sont bien fades. Alors, de quel coté se tourner, sinon vers le malsain, le scabreux, l'équivoque?—C'est ainsi que l'homosexualité et la prostitution—en tant que "sujets"—deviennent à la mode, que le suicide fait florès, et c'est ainsi qu'il sort des pages une persistante odeur de faisandé, on ne sait quel relent de garconière, quelle atmosphére veule de bar après Minuit. Comme il est des auteurs que ces sujets dégôutent, comme il y a tout de même un public qui veut lire et qui ne fait pas partie de ce monde de fantoches, les sujets édifiants abondent, la religion fait recette, et, cet automne, une bonne demi-douzaine de livres sur François d'Assise a vu le jour.

Si l'on essaie de pénétrer et de comprendre la vie affective des héros des romans, on en arrive (à peu d'exceptions près) a la conclusion que voici: En dehors d'un indéniable relâchement des moeurs et d'une aggravation certaine du cynisme, aucun vrai changement; au fond, ces héros sont les mémes que les hérose de la littérature d'il y a cinquante ans. Que ce soit "L'Irène" de Morand ou "La Bella de Giraudoux," ces êtres ont à peu près les mêmes préjugés, les mêmes reactions, la même mentalité que les figures qui ont hanté l'imagination de nos pères. C'est donc pour rien le temps a marché, et pour rien que la vaste terre a été secouée et labourée par des evènements formidables?

Les cadres eux-mêmes n'ont pas beaucoup changé. Riches villas, grands halls d'hôtels, rues de province, ce ne sont guère que les chemins qui mènent tout droit, et invariablement à coucher. Où donc sont les villes géantes, les paysages de fer, les décors de ciment, les grandes masses prolétariennes, les faubourgs infinis et noirs, les steamers monstres? Et ce monde qui a deux pôles: le laboratoire et la Bourse, où donc est-il?

Mais si l'on ne considère que la matière même du style, oh! alors, il faut convenir qu'il y a nouveauté.

Composition à tiroirs, mise au prémier plan du Detail, ton pincé et renchéri qui tient avant toutes choses à être "détaché," substitution de la boutade à l'observation juste, accumulation de menus traits en pluie fine et intarissable, style sautillant et scintillant, pailleté et tarabiscoté, preciosité érudite, impressionniste, et humoristique: C'est bien une nouvelle façon de s'exprimer qu'apporte ici la jeune génération.

Ces images déformées sont bien à elle. Cette technique discursive et avant tout soucieuse d' économie, est bien à elle. Ce rythme volontairement inégal est bien à elle aussi. Oui, la littérature leur devra quelque chose.

A n'examiner que le style—le style uniquement—on ressent le contraire de ce qu'on a ressenti à l'égard des idées: notre époque a passé par là. Si les idées et la conception de l'univers n'en portent pas l'empreinte, par contre, le style frémit des papillotements du cinéments du vertige des grands rapides, du ronflement des dynamos. Il a reçu la marque—et il la montre—de la vitesse, souveraine de ce temps, il procède par coups de poings précis et scientifiques, ainsi qu'um combat de boxe, et il laisse derrière lui—crépitant, laconique—l'écho des chiffres qui se discutent dans les Assemblées d'actionnaires, les Conseils d'Administration.

La richesse et la nouveauté de la forme recouvrant la misère et la sénilité du fond, n'est-ce point là un signe terriblement accusateur? Le manque de foi, le recroquevillement de l'âme, le plaisir dans la corruption, l'absence de pensée directrice, la négation d'un but humain, et, dans les houles du présent, l'impuissance à fonder l'avenir, n'est-ce donc pas, sous des déhors éblouissants, une maladie qui a un nom?

Et cependant. . . .

Sous le soleil qui les éclaire, les jeunes êtres de 1926 sentent, confusément, qu'il y a beaucoup de nouveau sur cetta terre. Il pensent que rien, ou presque rien, n'a été dit encore, puisque ni la vie ni l'amour, ni les pensées obscures, et pas même la mort qu'ils ont au fond de leurs poitrines, n'ont été exprimés encore.

Sous le soleil de 1926, il y a des foules nouvelles, où passent de grands courants, où se dessinent des remous, comme à travers un fleuve immense il y a des bouleversements qui ne s'étaient jamais produits, toute une matière vierge qui demeure en dehors ou en deçà de la littérature; dans l'air de 1926, il y a des idées, ou tout au moins des semences d'idées qui ne demandent qu' à éclore.

Toute littérature qui ignore de tels changements, et par son dynanisme même, ne préfigure pas l'avenir, est peut-être brillante, peut-etre raffinée, peut-être fascinante.—Qu'elle le veuille ou non, c'est une littérature en décadence.

Foreign Notes

THE author of "Histoire de la Littérature Française Contemporaine," so well known in America in W. A. Bradley's translation, has just published a new book on literary criticism entitled "Défense de l'Homme (Intelligence et Sensualité)"—(Kra)—which will be appreciated by those who know the value of M. René Lalou's critical work. There are three sections: "Essai sur la Critique," "L'Idée de Poésie Pure en France," and "De Descartes à Proust"—and there is an Index of Names. The "Essai" is admirable, and of value for students of the difficult art of criticism. In the course of the "Poésie Pure" M. Lalou defines in a few words the limits of Poe's influence on Baudelaire: "The truth is, then, not that Baudelaire imitated Edgar Poe, but rather that he rehandled his work in order to clarify more subtly the definitions and to incorporate them in a vaster æsthetic structure." Not the least interesting part of the book is the author's study of novelists from the influence of Descartes to that of Proust. M. Lalou is not yet forty years old. He is at work on a "Panorama de la Littérature Anglaise Contemporaine," and a study of Romanticism, and expects to publish before long "Trois Manifestes de Edgar Poe."

Dostoievsky's daughter, Mlle. Aimée Dostoievsky, has written a life of her father which has been awaited with curiosity (Emile-Paul), and is indispensable to any student of the novels of this extraordinary man. As she was only ten or eleven years old at the time of her father's death, Mlle. Dostoievsky cannot furnish much direct testimony concerning him; but she has had access to papers and documents, to relatives and to friends of her parents and their families, which have enabled her to do what was impossible for others. And few people would have written in a spirit more noble, more liberal than hers. According to her, Dostoievsky was not a true Russian, but a pure Lithuanian.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE ANALYSIS OF ART. By *DeWitt H. Parker.* Yale University Press. $4.

Belles Lettres

MY GRAY GULL, and Other Essays. By WILLIAM VALENTINE KELLEY. Abingdon Press. 1926. $1.50.

These homilies of an octogenarian parson have, naturally, the qualities of the period in which the author came to maturity. They represent a kind of writing that half a century ago had a higher literary rating, in the general opinion of intelligent readers, than it can be said to have now. Moralizing is out of fashion among the literati, though as popular as ever (witness the outstanding instance of Dr. Frank Crane) with the wistful majority. Dr. Kelley writes in these little papers of all sorts of aspects of his old-fashioned religion in relation to life and conduct. He is full of little anecdotes, of genial reminiscence, and kindly exhortation.

"Because it is not credible that the Veracity at the Heart of Things, who has never been caught deceiving even a worm or a black beetle, has lied to his noblest creature, therefore it is scientifically certain that man's innate moral convictions correspond to realities, that Religion's world is actual, factual, and that the Holy Scripture within us is authentically in the handwriting of Him who cannot lie. Religion is real."

To pigeonhole it, this book is a blend of the familiar essay and what used to be called the "devotional" discourse.

LEAVES OF HELLAS. By *Marshall MacGregor.* Longmans, Green. $4.50.

LUCIAN, SATIRIST AND ARTIST. By *Francis G. Allinson.* Marshall Jones. $1.75.

LIGHT MY CANDLE. By *Henry Van Dyke* and *Tertius Van Dyke.* Revell. $2.

GREAT NAMES. Edited by *Walter J. Turner.* Dial Press. $5.

EXAMPLES OF SAN BERNARDINO OF SIENA. Chosen by *Ada Harrison.* Illustrated by Robert Austin Gerald Howe, 23 Soho Square, London.

THE AMHERST MEMORIAL VOLUME. Edited by *Claude M. Fuess.* Published by the College.

Biography

THE LIFE OF CHARLES THE FIRST, THE ROYAL MARTYR. By Charles Wheeler Coit. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $5.

This book is of no importance historically, and hardly worth notice, unless it be as another proof of the resistance to mortality of cults. The work is dedicated to the President of the Royal Martyr Union and is throughout a glorified narration of the life of Charles I. It must be said for the author that he has tried to be fair; he admits mistakes upon the part of Charles I and that his advisers were not all of them wise. It is a pity that he is unaware of recent historical literature, the tendency of which is to show that Prerogative in its struggles with Parliament had the best of the case historically. But the author is unaware of the literature that might have served him, nor has he the workaday knowledge of a good senior in college about the relative value of authorities. The partisan Disraeli (Isaac) now nearly a hundred years out-of-date, and the sentimental Miss Strickland, bulk largely among his footnotes. When it comes to original sources he knows only a few and little about the use of them. And further he has small skill in gathering together what he has found into a narrative and no knack of handling sentences. Yet there are few glaring errors in the book, it is pleasantly illustrated, and breathes a sincere and unaffected devotion to the Church of England and less rancor towards Puritans and the Cromwellian party than is customary with the adherents of the good old cause.

Would that the author, who has honest intentions, had seen the last two volumes of the correspondence of the Venetian ambassador, now published two years. Those letters, from the English Court, of the observing Giustinian, wholly sympathetic with the Court, might avail something to lessen the cult of Charles I, were cults affected by facts. It has long been proved that Charles I was vacillating and undependable, worse than that, of a duplicity that passed understanding, but it now appears that he was a man easily frightened.

That he had dignity, that he loved the Church of England, that he was a man of taste and knew good pictures, that he was a good family man, in that respect exceptional among English kings, that he "nothing common did or mean upon that memorable day," when he lost his head, etc., etc., it needs no biographer to tell us. It was one of his own descendents who wrote in his diary on the anniversary of the death of his royal ancestor, that he nothing common did or mean upon that memorable day, because he was "at last in his right place, on a scaffold." With that verdict it is unnecessary to agree. The rulers of England in 1649 might well have put Charles on a boat for a continental port and would have been more surely rid of him than they were by his death. His ghost walked more dangerous than he. That they did not anticipate. They feared his return from the continent and more wars, and saw in his death the only way to secure peace, to make England safe for their brand of government.

Carlyle says their action "did in effect strike a damp through the heart of Flunkeyism universally in this world." He was quite wrong. It gave a lasting vogue in certain curious but highly respectable circles to one of the weakest characters among English kings.

PALMERSTON. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. London: Benn Bros. 1926.

The life of Palmerston was the life of England and, to a large extent, of Europe in the last sixteen years of the eighteenth and the first sixty-five of the nineteenth centuries . . . he covered an amazing span. Stated in terms of art, his life unites an almost legendary past to our own time; when he was born, Reynolds was painting Mrs. Siddons, and Mr. Swinburne published "Atalanta in Calydon" in the year that he died. A regency beau, he spoke in debate when Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox had not long fallen silent, and he was Secretary of War against Napoleon. He moved in the candlelight of the drawing-rooms where Mr. Creevey told his stories; and men still living have conversed with him. For he lived to be fifteen years Foreign Secretary and twice Prime Minister in the gathering gloom of a later age. His first diplomatic duels were fought with Talleyrand and Metternich, his last with Mr. Lincoln and Prince Bismarck. For he had a positive genius for survival; perhaps the reason why he left no disciples was that he survived them all.

TEN WEEKS WITH CHINESE BANDITS. By HARVEY J. HOWARD, M.D. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $3.

Dr. Howard is the most recent and by far the most original addition to famous American captives of the twentieth century, a roll that includes Ion Perdicaris, and Ellen Maria Stone (whose name sounds as though it might have suggested the Vice-President's apocryphal oath). Within a few days of his capture by the notorious band of Black Dragon River bandits a year ago last summer he was treating them for all manner of ailments, and was even invited to become their chief. He owed his invitation partly to their belief that the Greek letters of his college fraternity branded on his shoulder indicated that he had himself belonged to a notorious American band of "hung hutzes," the Chinese name for bandits. The book is a record of game endurance, and indomitable spirit; its end, one is glad to find, is happy, though its beginning was pure tragedy, with the death from a bandit's bullet of Morgan Palmer, the young Harvard man who was attempting at the time of Dr. Howard's capture to bring help to a settlement of some of his Chinese farmers.

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF THOMAS COOPER. By DUMAS MALONE, Ph.D. Yale University Press. 1926. $4.

Thomas Cooper belongs in the group of American public men which numbers Patrick Henry of Virginia, Aaron Burr of New York, and George Bryan of Virginia. They were too commonly and constitutionally agin' the government, as the phrase goes, to earn through public office a rank in the Nation's history consistent with the influence that they exercised on the politics of their day. We can appreciate that influence only if we will try to reflect what would have happened to American democracy if the Federalist push toward upper class rule, and suppression of the States' powers had not met with opposition. The Democracy that we call Jeffersonian, and that accomplished in and after Jackson's time the enfranchisement of the common run of citizens and the popularization of politics had numerous other and equally zealous if less well remembered sponsors of its infancy besides Jefferson and Jackson.

Cooper, as Dr. Malone presents him, forms an odd parallel to Thomas Paine. Both were sons of eighteenth century England, both were drawn by French rationalism and democratic doctrine, both came to America to find French ideals in English clothes, and both ran afoul of the still high and mighty American First and Second estates. But Cooper, as we view him through his biographer's eyes, had about him much less of the temperamental Jacobin. He was the fruit of an upper middle class extraction and training, an Oxford scholar, and the intimate of Joseph Priestley. He had no quarrel with capital, and held in high regard the economics of Adam Smith. Until impoverished by the failure of manufacturing interests in England, he enjoyed independent means. He was for the people, rather than of the people.

The incident of Cooper's trial, and conviction under the sedition law in 1800, and his six months' imprisonment in Philadelphia help explain his later course as the father of South Carolinian secessionism, and as the "high priest," in a newspaper phrase of his day, of Nullification. One cannot say that he took his imprisonment like a martyr; he took it rather as an opportunity to damage the Adams administration. The martyr's meekness and penchant for blessing the hand that smote were not in him. He went to jail for having criticized the President; once he was liberated, he hastened to New York to clamor for the indictment of Adams's fellow Federalist, Alexander Hamilton, who had also just written a bitter criticism of the President.

In State politics Cooper could indeed take the conservative side with almost as much vehemence as, in Federal matters, the radical. He got himself cast out of the Pennsylvania judiciary for upholding the rights and prerogatives of the bench against popular agitators. Constitutionally incapable of keeping out of controversy, he had to side with the bench, or against his colleagues, and the governor who appointed him. And unlike many persons of polemic temper, he stuck staunchly by his friends.

But later on, when the turns of fortune took him to South Carolina, first to teach chemistry, and soon to assume the presidency of the State university, he returned to his old antipathy for the centralized Federal government. He insisted on the State's right to act as its own arbiter of the constitutionality of the Federal tariff law. The tariff compromise that ended the nullification movement was acceptable to South Carolina, but disgusted him. His comment on it is sufficiently expressed in his dour toast: "To the memory of the United States Constitution."

For a State Rights extremist, domiciled in the South, and convinced that the negro was better off as a slave, the advocacy of early secession, even in 1835, was logical enough. Cooper foresaw secession; his attitude was, eventually, why not now? He foresaw the difficulty of secession at a later date, when abolitionism was to gain the upper hand. By an odd quirk of the irony of things, he had coined in 1794 the phrase, "Government of the people, and for the people," later to be used with slight amplification by the abolitionist hero. Cooper's singular clearness of mind gave him a power to anticipate the future; his vehemence, and *flair* for controversy disabled him in his struggles with the present. Dr. Malone has well won the Porter prize by his presentation of Cooper's hurly-burly career of politics, law, journalism, science, education, farming, business, and philosophy —in which his services to democracy nevertheless stand, out a durable and significant fact.

MY ARMY LIFE. By the *Earl of Dundonald.* Longmans, Green. $7.50.

THE LIFE OF GOTAMA THE BUDDHA. By *E. H. Brewster.* Dutton. $4.

Drama

SAPPHO AND PHAON. By *Marian Osborne.* Macmillan.

CANADIAN PLAYS FROM HART HOUSE THEATRE. Edited by Vincent Massey. Vol. I. Macmillan.

THE WAY. By *Princess Lazarovich-Hiebelianovich.* Stanford University Press.

THE WORKS OF CIRETINO. By *Samuel Putnam.* 2 vols. Covici.

THE BOOK OF PLAY PRODUCTION. By *Milton M. Smith.* Appleton. $3.

JOHN GALSWORTHY AS A DRAMATIC ARTIST. By R. H. Coats. Scribners. $1.50.

Fiction

THE COMEDIANS. By LOUIS COUPERUS. Doran. 1926. $2.50.

The well known Dutch novelist, Louis Couperus, who died in 1923, during the latter part of his life published a number of historical novels on Greek and Roman subjects. Though founded on much sound scholarship, they represent the lighter side of his talent. While such studies of modern life as "Small Souls," and "Majesty" are perhaps more considerable achievements, it is possible that "The Tour," previously translated, and "The Comedians" will prove more popular with readers in America, where his books have never received the recognition they deserve.

The central figures in this story, laid in the decadent Rome of Domitian, are two comedians, Cecilius and Cecilianus, the unacknowledged twin sons of a patrician lady. Their associates, against a background of feasts and entertainments, range from the lowest ruffians to the greatest wits and *savants* of the time. It is an artificial narrative exercise, carried out with skill and thorough attention to colorful detail,—but always an exercise. It has both lightness, and an unforced reality, yet this book alone would never demonstrate the author's undoubted position as leading novelist of Holland. There is evidence that this version has been considerably expurgated, and, in fact, the late Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, friend and translator of Couperus, for some years prevented the appearance of these historical novels in English on the ground that they would be suppressed. At any rate, the present unsigned translation is lively, natural, and makes excellent reading. Even the most determined friend of purity could scarcely find it censorable.

THE DANCER AND THE FRIAR. By EUGENE PAUL METOUR. Doran. 1926. $2.50.

Mr. Metour's story of mediæval days is one of those thoroughly adequate pieces of work, written with an eye for color and an ear for pleasant rhythms, freaked with poetry and romance, which on the one hand fail to be actually distinguished, and on the other to be really interesting. This tale of Graussin, the wandering troub dour with a genius for getting into troub and then out of it, of his friend Pasc and of the dancing girl who bears him blind daughter and whom in the ultimate flush of victory he marries, takes us through sunny Provence to the Mediterranean, and then in the Crusades to Jerusalem. Several times Graussin narrowly escapes death, once or twice he is taken prisoner, his liege lord ends by being killed, and he himself is only saved by winning the favor of the Saracens.

Mr. Metour writes with a good deal of grace and facilityfl He knows his period, communicating it to the reader in a mixture of glamorous romance and lifelike realism. One can find no actual fault with either his characters or his plot, indeed must call the book an excellent minor achievement. But for all that, it is slow-moving and at the same time long-winded as narrative. There is more talk than action, more grace than excitement. And being picturesque rather than vivid, pleasing rather than beautiful, langorous rather than light, one is not quite willing to put up with the story, as story, for the sake of its art. One fears that Mr. Metour's very real talents will not secure the recognition they no doubt from a purely artistic standpoint deserve.

THE WISHING CARPET. By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL. Appleton. 1926. $2.

Our wishing heroine is the daughter of a country doctor who drifts to a southern mill town, there to exist frugally upon the practice he establishes among the poor. When he dies, the girl, at seventeen, is faced with the necessity of earning her own living, which problem she solves by mastering stenography and securing a position in a mill. The newly appointed manager of the latter, a hill-billy caught young in the woods and tamed by the beneficent influence of her father, passes for a while as the hero and the girl's sweetheart. But toward the close, unlooked for events reveal him to be a rascal and defaulter, a rich, but inactive, rival suitor for the girl's hand showing the real stuff of which hemen are made. Though admittedly one of the "Glad" species, the story is a shade more plausible, interesting, and restrained than the majority of its competitors.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

SAINT MICHAEL'S GOLD. By H. BEDFORD-JONES. Putnam. 1926. $2.

There is slight trace of plot in this sanguinary romance of revolution-torn France on the brink of the Terror, the author seeming to rely upon an incessant bedlam of conflict and carnage to fill the want of more involved action. John Martin, an American member of the Convention, having incurred the hostility of his leaders, flees from Paris with a forged document authorizing him to take possession of the huge treasure, hidden by the priests in Mont St. Michel. Each of Martin's fellow conspirators who accompany him on his perilous quest has secret designs to gain the gold for himself, but Young America foils them all. The heroine, Marie de Rohan, of the proscribed nobility, a fugitive masquerading as a peasant lad, falls under John's protection and eventually departs with him for the happier land across the sea. The tale moves rapidly, which is the best thing we can record in its favor.

THE PRICE OF WISDOM. By MARJORIE BARKLEY MCCLURE. Minton, Balch. 1926. $2.

It is not easy to identify such far-fetched marital trials and the characters who here experience them with remotely credible incidents and people of reality. The story starts smoothly and convincingly enough, but a feverish chaos soon gains the ascendancy, obliterating all the reader's anticipations of a third novel as good as the author's preceding two. Terry Karanoff, the leading lady and chief sufferer, weds in her early twenties, for mercenary motives, a very rich, self-made Russian Jew twice her age. Nicolai (the husband) is an eccentric egotist afflicted by a fixed idea that he is Napoleon reincarnated. Planning the foundation of a dynasty, he chooses Terry as the mate most likely to bear him worthy heirs, informing her that this is the sole reason for which he marries her, and that, in the event of her proving unfruitful, she must submit to the fate of another Empress Josephine. A year follows, the dynamic husband fast losing patience, the persecuted Terry, giving no token of a future addition to the race, haunted by the fear of impending repudiation. But enter to the rescue, a knightly young doctor, by whose chivalrous assistance the crucial situation is saved from complete calamity. A little girl is born to Terry and Nicolai (he had petitioned God for a son) bringing a measure of peace to the distraught couple. Even the generous amount of respectable writing which Mrs. McClure expends upon her theme fails to disguise that the book is twaddle.

Government

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES. By THOMAS H. REED. Century. 1926. $3.

History, exposition, and appraisal are skilfully mingled in this well-informed and comprehensive volume on one of the most important subjects that can concern an American. Both the political and the administrative aspects of city government in this country are presented and discussed. In no other governmental unit have we tried so many experiments as in the city. Professor Reed recounts these experiments and estimates their results with scientific detachment. His analysis while necessarily following familiar lines in the main, is by no means a mere repetition. He writes with animation and occasionally improves upon the usual classification of municipal phenomena, as when he divides the Mayor and Council type of city government into the weak-Mayor and the strong-Mayor plan.

The most recent development in American municipal government is the formal recognition of "metropolitan areas," of which the most striking example, because it crosses a State line, is the Port of New York, created by a treaty between the States of New York and New Jersey approved, as the Federal Constitution requires, by Congress. So long ago as 1889 Illinois established a metropolitan area in the Chicago Sanitary District, but the present movement toward the setting up of such areas contemplates more ambitious departures from the conventional idea of city government. The movement has not progressed far enough yet to afford many actual examples of this kind of administrative unit. Professor Reed is compelled to take most of his illustrations from Europe, whose best known example is the London County Council. There are in this country, however, more such organizations than most Americans are aware.

Professor Reed is doubtless correct in holding that city government in this country has greatly improved in the last thirty years. "We have definitely passed the point," he declares, "where it is necessary to struggle for simply honest and tolerably representative municipal government. The government of American cities today will compare favorably on these points with the government of cities in any country in the world." The chief reason for anxiety regarding the future of our city government is "continued popular indifference to city elections." Coupled with this indifference is the public distrust of the expert. City officials and politicians can hardly be expected to wax enthusiastic over efficiency when the ordinary voter is quite willing to leave the administration of city affairs to home talent regardless of consequences.

Under the head, "Municipal Political Parties," Professor Reed lists the Citizens' Union of New York. The Citizens' Union did act as a party in a city campaign or two, but it has not done so in a long time.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION. By *Clarence Gilbert Hoag* and *George Hervey Hallett*. Macmillan. $3.

History

THE DEVELOPMENT OF JAPAN. By *Kenneth Scott Latourette*. Macmillan. $2.

A HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD. By *M. Rostovtzeff*. Oxford University Press. $5.

THE WRITING OF HISTORY. By *Sir John Fortescue*. Longmans, Green. $1.

Miscellaneous

MY FRIEND THE DOG. By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE. Harpers. 1926. $3.

THE ODYSSEY OF BORU. By J. ALLEN DUNN. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $2.50.

So many canine friendships have enriched our life that we are very critical of books about dogs. On our own shelf of such books, aside from the purely informative volumes, the ones we like best are those which portray courage, loyalty, and intelligence with insight, vigor, and a dash of humor. Ian Hay's "Scally" is an example of what we mean. The dog is essentially gay. Those who write about him should catch his spirit. Too many writers regale us with sob stories. Mr. Terhune has vast knowledge about collies but at times he does write "The Dog at His Master's Grave" sort of thing. Some of the stories in "My Friend the Dog" get one by the throat. It is always dangerous business to question an authority, but we were surprised to learn that Mr. Terhune does not find collies treacherous. He may be like the breeder of our own temperamental Pekingese who zestfully bites the hand that feeds him, yet is withal a winsome mite. The most damaging admission he can be coerced into making is that the breed is "spunky"! The most charming chapter in Mr. Terhune's book is "The Dogs at Sunnybank." The illustrations, many of them in color, are beautiful.

In the "Odyssey of Boru," Mr. Dunn gives us a story of a huge Irish wolfhound who escaped from a circus and ranged the hills and plains of Northwestern Montana where he mated with a wolf and raised freebooter pups. It was a wild and hard life but doubtless more satisfying than jumping through hoops. The pictures are good and the book is well written.

THE COLLECTING OF ANTIQUES. By ESTHER SINGLETON. Macmillan. 1926. $7.50.

Miss Singleton is well and widely known as one of the most authoritative of all our writers upon that most alluring of hobbies, antique collecting. She writes with more scholarship than most of the "popularizers" of the hobby, though her literary craftsmanship is not equal to her learning.

This copiously illustrated and well printed volume reveals both the catholicity of Miss Singleton's taste and its rather austere limitations. She has the enthusiasm of the true collector who is also a connoisseur. That is far from the jackdaw-like acquisitiveness of the uncultured. She has a genuine love for antique objects which, to quote her own old-fashioned expressive phrase, are "able to pass all the canons of elegant and fastidious taste." In ceramics it is the richly decorated wares of the great master potters in which she finds delight, not the coarse, crude, and often ugly objects which uncultivated faddists are dragging from dusty cellars where they belong, to "decorate" their living rooms. She writes, always intelligently, and often enthusiastically, of K'ang Hsi, Wedgwood, Sevres, Worcester, Derby, and the like, invariably selecting examples for illustration which conform to the "canons of elegant and fastidious taste." Similarly, when she writes of glass her inexorable adherence to this rule is evident. The graceful and dignified cut glass of Bristol and Waterford with its opulent designs; the fanciful, dream-like elegance of Venetian glass; the gorgeously colored and well-wrought glass of Bohemia; the delightful grace of Nailsea glass; the transplanted art of the glass produced in Pennsylvania by "Baron" Stiegel, and in New Jersey by Caspar Wistar—for these and all other types of really good glass Miss Singleton cares as only a connoisseur-collector can. For the coarse, ugly pressed glass that was so extensively made at Sandwich, and other places she does not trouble to disguise her disdain.

The chapter on furniture, one of the most useful in the book, reveals Miss Singleton at her best. As the author of two recognized standard works on early furniture she brought to this part of her task an unusual equipment. One does not always agree with her dicta, and sometimes feels that she is too positive upon disputed matters concerning which the amplitude of her knowledge should have made her cautious, and uncertain, but as a rule her judgments are sound, and sanctioned by the best authorities.

The book suffers from the fact that Miss Singleton has tried to embrace too much. The inclusiveness which will be its chief merit in the judgment of many readers has imposed severe limitations upon the author. China, Silver, Glass, Furniture, Clocks, Textiles, and Metal-Work are each the subject of separate chapters, but twelve pages do not permit more than a superficial discussion of clocks, or sixteen pages a satisfying discussion of the subject of textiles. With all its limitations, the book is one which the serious collector will want to possess. Certainly, librarians should not overlook it.

THE STEPCHILDREN OF MUSIC. By ERIC BLOM. Dial Press. 1926. $2.50.

In these short essays on the minor works of great composers and the major works of minor composers Mr. Eric Blom has brought to light many interesting facts which lead to "new thoughts bearing on more vital things." His patient examination of matters known to most critics only by hearsay is made profitable by his fine judgment and the extent of his culture both musical and literary.

After studying the operas and the history of Piccinni, notorious as the Italian rival of Gluck in Paris shortly before the Revolution, Mr. Blom decides that Piccinni was not only a worthy rival but an innocent one, very different from the wretched figure of tradition. This is an important fact to have established, and incidentally it is enlivening to read again the story of the war between the Gluckists and Piccinnists who fought with pamphlets and with words that led them even into duels.

The essay on Max Reger contains a number of pointed observations, among them this: "It is a particularly cynical jest on the part of musical history to have turned Max Reger, who not many years ago shocked Germany by his mock audacities, into a composer who today and outside his own country is only tolerable where he is most conservative." In this same essay, Mr. Blom expresses an opinion in regard to organ music which is very sensible but which will startle a good many musicians: "The great composer is yet to come who shall wake up to the fact that the organ is not really an ideal polyphonic instrumental at all. No man has so far appeared who has refused to let himself be blinded to this truth by the genius of Bach, who wrote organ music in a polyphonic style simply because he happened to be a great contrapuntist as well as a great organist. . . . The instrumentis far more suitable for a homophonic style with certical chord-sequences."

In a passage in the essay on Bartok Mr. Blom loses his usual critical grasp and says that Bartok in his string quartets disregards "the old mathematical principles" and builds "a masterly structure by instinct, as a bird builds a nest." Just what are the "mathematical principles" by which any works of genius have been written and what genius of the past has used his "instinct" any less than Bartok?

Unusual illustrations add to the interest of this book.

MODERN CHIVALRY. By HUGH HENRY BRACKENRIDGE. (The Rogues' Bookshelf). New York: Greenberg. 1926. $2.50.

WHEN in 1792 the first contemporary reviewer of "Modern Chivalry" condemned that book as "sometimes rather loose, and at times bordering on vulgarity," he was voicing the American devotion to propriety. This decorum restrained all other eighteenth century novelists from emulating Brackenridge in the portrayal of rogues, and continued to operate through the following century to the practical exclusion of the picaresque element from our literature. In his search for "fascinating stories of thieves, gamblers, highwaymen, swindlers, debauchees," the publisher of The Rogues' Bookshelf will unfortunately find little aid or comfort in American fiction. Indeed, only by severe strain can the term *picaresque* be made to include "Modern Chivalry," for it is primarily a social and political satire, and only incidentally a rogue story.

The unique position of Brackenridge among eighteenth century American novelists has never been pointed out. He was in his century the only author whose humor so exceeded his tearfulness that he could laug at the exponents of sweet sensibility, and likewise he alone was sufficiently independent of polite convention to write of low life. He was the first to introduce racial and occupational types into the novel; his pioneer attempts at reproducing dialect, particularly that of the negro, are notable. He was also the only satirical novelist of his day (the political allegories of Hopkinson, and Belknap cannot be termed novels), and he thus became the father of the satirical novel in America.

To term "Modern Chivalry" "the 'Don Quixote' of America" is misleading; for Brackenridge, although he alluded to Cervantes, derived his expedient of setting master and man on their wanderings directly from Samuel Butler. The novel was first conceived as a poem in Butler's manner, and a portion of it was actually written in Hudibrastic couplets. Further, in a period which deprecated Fielding as likely to "corrupt the mind not well established in virtue," and Smollett as unedifying "on account of his unpolished humor," Brackenridge acknowledged these two as his masters, and was often in their debt. His literary ancestry is English, therefore, rather than Continental.

No eighteenth century American novels have been in print for some time save that innocuous perennial, "Charlotte Temple." Of the two novels revived this year, Brockden Brown's "Wieland" was edited with such accuracy that the present reprint of "Modern Chivalry" is most disappointing. Errors are numerous in the editorial matter: Part I was published not in 1796 but 1792-7; Part II, not in 1896 but in 1804-5. Part I was not originally entitled "The Adventures of Captain Farrago;" the title "Modern Chivalry" was given the book in 1792, not in 1816. That "the book was never noticed by any reviewer" is as much a misapprehension as is the assertion that "it has scarcely ever been mentioned in histories of American letters." Inexplicably ignoring first editions as well as Brackenridge's final revision of 1816, the editor follows the version of 1846, which, far from meriting the editor's description of "complete," is a posthumous condensation directed by the author's son. All this is particularly unfortunate in that the reprint is of interest chiefly to the student, and the historically-minded layman; any unwary sensation hunter who purchases this particular volume of The Rogues' Bookshelf will receive but scant return on his investment.

THE ITINERARY OF A BREAKFAST. By *John Harvey Kellogg*. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.75 net.

A BOOK OF JEWISH THOUGHTS. Selected and *Arranged by Joseph Herman Hertz*. Bloch. $1.50.

HOMES OF CHARACTER. By *Marcia Mead*. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

Poetry

FROST FIRE. By ARTHUR CREW INMAN. Small, Maynard. 1926.

SILHOUETTES AGAINST THE SUN. By ARTHUR CREW INMAN. Dutton. 1926.

Many are called but few are chosen to publish two volumes in one season. This double appearance is Mr. Inman's chief distinction, for his verse has none. It is a composite of all the rhymed platitudes which have been going the rounds since 1890. "Frost Fire" reads like a humorless parody on all the *wanderlust* poems ever written. This is, possibly, an unfair sentence, for there is undoubted humor in these echoes of "Vagabondia." But it is,

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COLUMBIA JOURNALISM GRADUATES

A STUDY OF THEIR EMPLOYMENT AND EARNINGS

By C. W. Steffler

Questionnaires were sent to the 434 living graduates of the School of Journalism of Columbia University and replies were received from sixty-seven per cent. Tabulations show that fifty-two per cent. of the graduates are engaged in journalism and nineteen per cent. in allied callings. "That schools of Journalism are justified of their children is the argument convincingly made. . . ."—*The State*, Columbia, S. C.

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for the most part unintentional. For example:

Azure sky
Flying high
Over land and sea,—
Joy is leaping,
Heart is leaping,
Autumn calls to me!

Wave-washed strand,
Green upland,
Lake and winding stream,—
Clouds are swaying,
Winds are straying,
World's a thrilling dream!

This, it must be admitted, is a masterly résumé of almost forgotten *cliches*. But Mr. Inman can be even funnier. We doubt if J. C. Squire himself could compose a better burlesque of the "plein-air-very-fraternal-with-the-elements-piece" than Mr. Inman's perfectly serious "Ho for the Road." I quote the opening stanzas:

Ho, for the road once more!
Ho, for the winged dawn!
Ho, for the larks' clear flight,
Caroling the day reborn!

Ho, for the road once more!
Ho, for the drifted skies!
Ho, for the distant hills,
Purple where sunset dies!

Mr. Inman, it is evident, speaks like the original Man with the Ho! In his other volume ("Silhouettes Against the Sun") he is more varied but scarcely more interesting. He writes of practically everything in and under Heaven — "The Trawler," "To An American Missionary," "The Strike Breaker," "The Folly of the Moon," "An Inventor Plays the Market," "With War Ended," "Ruins," are a few of the titles. But they are all on a dead level of painstaking mediocrity, a colorless complacency that never rises above his "Foreword:"

Certain of these my silhouettes, are blocked
Against the sun of life; are you, worthy,
Or your neighbor; are fact. Others, again,
Are figures cast by introspective dream
Athwart imaginary orb. The rest
Are neither fact nor dream; are both. If you,
My good reader, perchance see yourself;
Are angry, pleased, amused,—I count this work
Of love well done, complete; am satisfied!

Well, if the author is satisfied——!

VOODOO. By ANNICE CALLAND. Vinal. 1926.

THE ARROW OF LIGHTNING. By BEATRICE RAVENEL. Vinal. 1926.

Do most of Harold Vinal's poets write alike? Or does the uniform excellence of typography, the agreeable similarity of tone, make his volumes of verse seem successors of each other? With few exceptions one could read the concluding poem of any of his publications and the first poem of another of his imprint without being aware of any change in author, *timbre*, or tone of voice. It is precisely this "tone of voice" which is generally lacking. An impersonal ease, a gentle but scarcely individualized fluency characterizes the group of which these two are typical. One can, of course, find minor differences. Miss Calland's title-poem is strongly reminiscent of Lindsay's "The Congo," as the opening reveals:

The big drums boom, the conch shells blare,
The signal fires flame and flare;
Oh-o-ay-o-eyah, the strange songs sound
While the dancers gather at the singing ground.
The tympani louder and louder boom,
Echoing far their song of doom;
Oh-o-ay-o-eyah, the wild songs seem
The echo of the conchs' scream.
Ho, the pan-pipes call to Bassin Bleu
To dance the dance of the great voodoo!

Miss Ravenel, on the other hand, is more sensitive to internal searching than surface drama. Hers can not yet be called an art, but it is something more than a craft. Where Miss Calland depends upon her adaptations of Caribbean colors and tropic passion, Miss Ravenel translates the soul of Poe's mother (the high-water mark of her volume), evokes her South in "Lill' Angel" or the "Magnolia Gardens," and twists a double dialect as dexterously as:

"Don' cry, chile, cause yo' gempmun gone maybe,
E t'ink e gone, an' you t'ink
E gone for good. But e ain' gone."
(The sediment of memory
Is richer than the drink.)

"Flower drap fum de simmon by de wall,
But de simmon las'. E good."
(Above a coral ball
Persimmons spread a calyx, four straight wings
Like archangels';
Four slender towers about a Taj Mahal.
King! Did you know your love well dead
that seeded such fair things,
And love's memorial more than any living bud?)

Where Miss Calland recalls Lindsay, Miss Ravenel suggests Amy Lowell; in neither does one hear that "clear, authentic note" which, beyond subject or technique, arrests the reader like a physical impact. And without this personal power, the books become merely two other volumes of verse.

SONNETS OF A MINNESINGER AND OTHER LYRICS. By *J. U. Nicolson*. Covici.

THE ANSWERING VOICE. Selected by *Sara Teasdale*. Macmillan. $1.60.

A LITTLE BOOK OF AMERICAN HUMOROUS VERSE. Compiled by T. A. Daly. McKay.

THE SINGING HILL. By *Mildred Weston*. Vinal. $1.50.

ECHOES FROM THE TEMPLE. By *Edith Ella Davis*. Bloch. $1.25.

ANACREON: Twenty-three Odes. Rendered Into English Verse by *Doris Langley*. Gerald Howe, 23 Soho Square, London, Eng.

THE BEST POEMS OF 1926. Edited by *L. A. G. Strong*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

Travel

MAURESQUES: With Some Basque and Spanish Cameos. By C. P. HAWKES. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $3.

Colonel Hawkes was perhaps determined to prove himself as good an historical impressionist as a writer of travel sketches when he put "A Wazeer in Whitehall," an account of the visit of a Moorish embassy to Charles the Second, at the head of his bewilderingly rich and variegated book. This essay is a small but perfect triumph in its *genre*. In four pages, with unobtrusive skill in arrangement and contrast, the whole Restoration Court is placed before the reader. This successful effort sets one to hunting for more of the same, and not unprofitably, particularly as regards the essay on "Gayland," the seventeenth-century Abd-el-Krim. As for the cameos—well, let Webster testify to that. A cameo is "a gem carved in relief, especially sculpture on a stone . . . usually having layers of different colors, the figure being cut in relief in one layer, another serving as background." Nothing could describe Colonel Hawkes' methods more exactly!

The book, to return, is full of valuable information relating to history, folk-lore, and geography. Some of the more entertaining passages are biographical. Dr. Geil tells of the hundreds of women who were commemorated in encyclopædias well worthy of our attention, who are too prone to under-estimate the education of girls in ancient China. And here are amusing references to eccentric hermits, like Mr. Burned-First (to translate literally) whose "diet was stones; his regimen included never talking to women. This method prolonged his life to 170 years."

It is impossible to swerve even a little from the beaten track in China without becoming the grateful guest of missionaries. Mr. Geil pays tribute to them all, including the China Inland Mission, and the Mission at Long Sand, established by the "famous oil men, the brothers Stewart of Los Angeles." He, himself, was evangelical, and closes the book "persuaded," that through the adoption of the true religion, "New China will completely eclipse Old China."

There are in addition to charts, and diagrams taken from resurrected old Chinese manuscripts, more than 100 repro-

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

NINETEEN MODERN ESSAYS (Longmans, Green).

A LITTLE BOOK OF AMERICAN HUMOROUS VERSE. Compiled by *T. A. DALY* (McKay).

THE ANATOMY OF SCIENCE. By GILBERT NEWTON LEWIS (Yale University Press.

L. A. B., Columbia, Ind., asks for some pronounciations: so do several others; every now and then a run starts on this sort of information.

MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS is Coh-ve-roo-bee-es, accent on first and third syllables, and Franz Mazereel is *Mah*-ze-rayel. Marie Laurencin's last name is in three unaccented syllables; the first rhymes with so; the second is like the word rank without the k; the third is like the word sang if you let it fade out somewhere between the n and the g. This is as near as I can come to a picture of a French n. Tallulah Bankhead's first name is giving some trouble; it is just as it looks: Tal *loo*-lah, and in London I never heard her surname at all; they seemed too much taken with the first to weaken it. Addison Mizner is Myz-ner, like buys. Ivan Mestrovic is Maes-tro-vitch; the little hook on top of the last c (which I hesitate to wish on the composing room of this review, not knowing its resources in a Serbian way) indicates that it should be pronounced as if it were a terminal tch. The termination "vic" in Serbian is like the Russian "off;" Mestrovic means "son of the master." I suppose Lya de Putti must be Leah de Poot-tee, but there's no need to worry over the name of a moving-picture star: so soon as one is really popular in a country his name is affectionately mispronounced *à la mode du pays*. Alexander Meiklejohn's first syllable is Mick, not Mike. Eric Gill is hard g, not jill.

H. P., New York City, planning a trip to Spain, asks for a book about the whole country, something as a tourist would see it.

"SPANISH SUNSHINE," by Eleanor Elsner (Century), goes through Malaga, Cordoba, Andalusia, Seville, Cadiz, Ronda, Bobadilla, Granada, Valencia, Barcelona Zaragoza, Madrid, Toledo, and Burgos, with plenty of photographs. For a tourist not on some special trail but looking about in general, it affords an excellent means of going over the ground beforehand. "Forgotten Shrines of Spain," by Mildred Stapely Byne (Lippincott), is a carefully and copiously illustrated guide for art-lovers. George Wharton Edwards's "Spain" (Penn) is remarkable for its full-page pictures in color; some of these are little less than thrilling. This is a large volume, like his "London." Of course there is a Baedeker's "Spain and Portugal" (Scribner), and I see there's a Blue Guide for Spain in preparation (Macmillan); it will no doubt be ready for tourists next Summer.

H. M., Johnson City, Tenn., asks for advice on the choice of a magazine for a college group reading the outstanding current productions in French literature—novels, drama, and poetry.

THE *Mercure de France*, or the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, will inform the group on important publications and provide them, in itself, with valuable material. These are no doubt in the college library: it is possible, however, that it does not take a monthly journal, *Vient de Paraître*, which gives me many leads in ordering books. It has the sort of information given by the *Publisher's Weekly* and in addition brief and lucid descriptions of new books of every kind: sometimes there are longer reviews and leading articles. The address is 21, rue Hautefeuille, Paris, and the foreign subscription is 26 francs for six months.

R. C. R., Evanston, Ill., is interested in collections of letters, and asks what important additions have been lately made to this department of literature.

THERE have been some unusually fine selections of letters by women, for one thing. The "Letters of Louise Imogen Guiney," edited by Grace Guiney with a preface by Agnes Repplier (Harper), is one of the nutritious books of the season: there's so much in it and so much to think about. It is the most important posthumous report from a poet since the publication of the "Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody" (Houghton Mifflin). The "Letters of Hannah More," edited by Brimley Johnson, are published here by the Dial Press; this editor has also collected a delightful volume of "Bluestocking Letters" (Dial), and has edited the letters of Miss Mitford, and of Jane Austen. I have been reading with many a chuckle his selection of the "Letters of Lady Louisa Stuart," grand-daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (Bodley Head), which are full of the pageantry of Court in the time of George III, of Scott stories, and of bits of gossip.

"Letters and Memories of Susan and Anna Warner," by Olivia Phelps Stokes (Putnam), brings back the times of the author of "Queechy," and the country that counts for so much in that once-famous tale. There have been lately added to Everyman's Library volumes with selections from the letters of William Cowper, and of Horace Walpole, models of their kind for entertainment or for study. Another inquirer asks for editions of the letters of Horace Walpole: the new publication of Harpers, "A Selection from the Letters of Horace Walpole, with many illustrations and facsimiles from old prints and contemporary sources," edited by W. S. Lewis, is a sumptuous work in two volumes. The Oxford University Press publishes a "Supplement to the Letters of Horace Walpole," together with upwards of 150 letters addressed to him between 1735 and 1796, chronologically arranged, and edited with notes and indices by Paget Toynbee (Vol. 3, 1744-1797).

"LETTERS OF ROMAN GENTLEMAN," by Arthur Patch McKinley (Houghton Mifflin), shows Cicero and his times through his letters. There is another volume of the "Fugger News Letters" (Putnam), unpublished letters from the correspondents of the house of Fugger. I know of scarcely any book that will give more joy to one interested in sidelights on history than these non-partisan reports by business men on what was going on a Court, or the latest tall story current in th town. "Private Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers of Samuel Pepys: 1679 1703," edited by J. T. Tanner (Harcourt, Brace, 2 vols.), is for the most part here printed for the first time; it shows him as a good citizen and steady man of politics, immensely interested in everything that works. But this latter trait is no news to lovers of the diary, and we have now an edition of this that really lives up to its title, "Everybody's Pepys" (Harcourt, Brace). Here is one not-too-large volume is a continuous series of entries taking the charmed reader into the family as well as upon the sea and to court. It was a happy thought to entrust the pictures to the Shepard who illustrated "When We Were Very Young;" there is a joyousness about them, a robust sweetness, that goes wonderfully with the text. As for Mrs. Pepys, he draws her as a darling; she is kept to the front in this volume, anyway.

F. A. P., Stockton, Cal., asks if there is a narrative or heroic story, in book form, about bees or ants.

THIS inquirer would like to be a brother to the world and all that's in it, but at present there are limits. "I would abhor the touch of the tail of a rat," says he, "or the sight of ants that have just been hatched. These things should not affect me as they do, for my viewpoint is hardy in other respects. I want to overcome the hostility that is seen lower in the scale of animal life of one species to another; this hostility still clings to me. I would be interested to know of a narrative that approaches the insect with studious sympathy and some affection for its struggle and necessary defeat at the hands of man. Ants, for instance."

I have, while in my right mind, a marked absence of interest in any kind of bug. But whenever I read anything by J. H. Fabre, say his "Life of the Fly," or "Life of the Spider" (Dodd, Mead), and for just so long as I am reading it, I am convinced that some day I will retire from active life, buy a note-book and a dark lantern, and spend the remainder of my years in the backyard watching bugs. The first time this madness seized me was in reading his book about the scorpion, an animal that I am sure I would normally detest. So it looks as if Fabre were the one to help F. A. B. become a brother to bugs.

(*Continued on next* page)

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Points of View

Barnes Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of December 11, 1926, Professor Raymond Turner's zeal for "historical criticism and study" threatens to outrun his sense of fairness. His letter would leave your readers with the impression that only the journalists believe Professor H. E. Barnes's "The Genesis of the World War" to be a "fully documented" and "carefully written" book, and that all the scholars side with Mr. J. W. Headlam-Morley—who, as an editor of British official documents on the origins of the war, is doubtless a thoroughly unbiased critic of radical "revisionism." Dr. Charles Austin Beard was one of the first to attempt an analysis of the post-war diplomatic revelations. He says: "Professor Barnes is thoroughly familiar with the huge accumulation of diplomatic materials bearing on the origins of the World War. . . . Before his powerful argument, buttressed with relevant facts, the Sunday School theory of war guilt is utterly demolished . . ." (*Current History*, August, 1926). Professor Ferdinand Schevill, of the University of Chicago, finds that "it (Barnes's book) invites . . . the tests of scholarship and is provided with a full discussion of the documents, memoirs, apologies, and expositions which have appeared since 1918 . . ." (*Christian Century*, June 17, 1926). Professor Herbert Adams Gibbons, of Princeton, primarily a student of world politics and diplomatic history, feels that "Professor Barnes has written here a volume that will in time enhance his reputation. He is frank and honest and sober in his statements. He has studied the evidence with care; and has presented his case in the temper of a historian rather than of a lawyer" (New York *Sun*, October 30, 1926). These citations show that Professor Turner does not represent a unanimity of opinion. The list I have given could be considerably extended by references to American, British, and Continental critics. The reviewers do not necessarily accept Professor Barnes's thesis; much less, however, do they agree with Professor Turner's blanket condemnation of Professor Barnes's method.

But Professor Turner would go even further and visit Professor Barnes with major excommunication from the holy guild of historians, for which, he says, Professor Barnes is unfitted in fact (though his training, teaching, and writing have been largely in that field) and in the eyes of scholars (though his name appears on the current program of the American Historical Association). Professor Barnes can hardly be said to have hidden his light under a bushel. His books are there for everyone to read. If Professor Turner objects to Professor Barnes as an historian, he can best plead his own cause by disproving their conclusions. But this, I think, Professor Turner has not yet attempted to do.

THOMAS PRESTON PEARDON.
New York.

Masterpieces?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I trust you will pardon the intrusion upon your sanctum of a reader who is far from the hurly-burly of Fifth Avenue; but I have just received from a kind friend in New York a bundle of *Saturday Reviews* and I have been having a real feast for several days past, for in this part of the world the book-stores seem to have little knowledge, or perhaps little care, for American magazines. And this is rather surprising, too, for all kinds of American canned goods are readily available in the *charcuteries*, which perhaps speaks more for the enterprise of American soup purveyors than for the dispensers of American literature. Be this as it may, I fell to and did make royal banquet on your literary *hors* d'œuvres, and have already noted down several promising dishes that I will order from my booksellers—and woe be to you if you have misled me in my selections. As I read your pages, however, I cannot refrain from a few reflections on the art—or should I say, artfulness—of the average literary book reviewer; and having filled myself with these reflections, I must perforce purge myself of them in order to give my mind a clear space for further impressions.

After saturating my consciousness with a large dose of your book reviews I have a feeling of consternation, for it seems to me that your literary critics, as a rule, strive to live on the dead bodies of their victims. Most of the critics seem to want to kill offhand the thing they criticize, either by foully dismembering it or by flying away with it to the skies on the wings of fulsome praise. They regard a new book as a species of game and start in full pursuit of it with all the hounds of their literary canons unleashed, and then they shoot their bon-mots with all the gusto of an excited huntsman who believes that the chase is the thing, and the prey a mere incidental in a good and stirring sport. Their chief desire apparently is to bag a brace or two of clever sayings, and they think more of their own inventiveness than that of the author they are examining. It would sem to me that a good critic is not always trying to construct a literary masterpiece himself; he reads at least a portion of the author whose abilities he is called upon to dissect, and then he brings to bear his artistic judgment on the literary quality of the book. So many critics, however, seem to carefully avoid giving an estimate of the quality of the art of the author; they are more concerned with the matter of which the author treats. They appear in the rôle of either a proponent or an opponent of the author's views, and this may be, and usually is, entirely aside from the field of literary criticism. This fault is always accentuated when the reviewer selected is also a writer in the same field as the author to be examined. Then the reviewer becomes not a reviewer at all, but a violent partisan for his own previously published views as against those of the victim. He necessarily loses his sense of impartial judgment and becomes an accusing prosecutor, damning the author and defending himself. His review is not in any sense an appreciation nor a just estimate of the author, but becomes a mere apologia for himself, or, as in many cases, becomes a mere opportunity to attack and belittle his opopnent. As well try to get a leading actress to give a just estimate of another actress in the same rôle, or a temperamental artist to pass judgment on a picture of a rival at an exhibition; it just can't be done.

And this is where the reader of literary reviews has some considerable cause of complaint against the editor of such reviews; the reader takes up his task in a spirit of good faith, believing that the reviewer is going to give him some idea of the quality of the book under consideration, when to his consternation, and frequently his disgust, he finds that the review turns out to be an attack by one author upon another, and is utterly aside from any interest he, the reader, may have in the matter. This is practising a deception upon the reader which is not justified, and it tends to put him in the attitude of distrusting and discounting all literary reviews as being merely the personal propaganda of the reviewer.

But on the other hand we find another type of book reviewer who is even worse; he may be called the "Rotarian" type of reviewer, the cheer leader for the public. Being for one reason or another in the literary circle, he is of the belief that all things in this trade should be boosted to the limit; he is sometimes such an optimist that he believes that almost everything that has been dignified by being set up in type, printed, and bound into a book is something wonderful, and he rushes forward as an advance guard for the author and a manufacturer of slogans for the publisher, and simply exhausts all the encomiums of his wit on the merits of the book. The reviews of such critics are insufferably stupid, for as a rule, they simply consist of a lot of critical commonplaces that have been gathered togther with a rather limited intelligence and insufficient culture, and these are pieced together into a review that might equally apply to almost any book that was ever published. These are the hack reviewers by trade; incapable of expressing an original idea themselves or ever reaching the heights of true literary excellence. They exhibit a sort of patronizing paternity towards the author, and think that their duty is to "put him over." Their object is to stand in well with the publishers whom they look upon as sort of political bosses from whom they can pick up a little pap to fill their pockets. To them reviewing is a business, nay a trade, and they calculate to a nicety just how many words of copy they can foist on the editor. Their reviews are utterly worthless as opinions, but boiled down to a word or to a flam-buoyant phrase, they are generally quoted by the publishers in advertising copy, so the reviewer becomes convinced of his own importance and considers himself as an essential cog in the machine of book manufacture and distribution.

I appreciate that it is exceedingly difficult to discover any one who can furnish a just appreciation of any work of art; there is such a wide diversity of opinion, even among the so-called experts. This is just as true of literature as it is of any other form of art, and we find literary works that have been roundly condemned by the reviewers afterwards coming into their own as recognized masterpieces. On the other hand, I ask mysself, as I read over the review columns and the advertising columns of the *Saturday Review*, and find so many "masterpieces" of literature heralded forth, what rank will these works of genius occupy ten years—or even two years—from now, and how will the opinion of the reviewer measure up to the opinion of the critic of final resort—the reading public? I recognize, however, that as far as the publisher goes it is the present-day reading public thot counts, and not the clientéle of ten years from now. Books are manufactured commodities and like vegetables they rapidly deteriorate if kept too long on the shelves.

J. MERRITT MATTHEWS.
Mentone, France.

In Defense of Pearl

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Seldom have I seen a more false and misleading review of an important book than Dr. E. L. Fisk's critique of Pearl's "Alcohol and Longevity," printed in *The Saturday Review* of recent date. When I read the book I said to myself that here at last was a dispassionate, scientific, completely comprehensible treatment of one phase of the alcohol problem, which would stand the test of critical examination and provide the intelligent citizen with information essential for making up his mind on a great social question. Since Dr. Fisk attacks the scientific soundness of this work, it is imperative that his points be discussed in public; for while a careful reading of the book will show the utter unreliability of the criticism, yet the review, taken by itself, might well discourage such reading in some cases. I shall consider Dr. Fisk's statements *seriatim*.

Pearl presents extensive data treated by sound statistical methods; this is the book's unique merit. But the statistics are neither "bewildering" nor "wholly unintelligible to the average reader." On the contrary, there is nothing in the book, save certain mathematical *processes* (not conclusions) that is not immediately clear to any one of average intelligence but untrained in mathematics. The proof of this is to be found in conversation with lay readers of the book and especially in the numerous reviews written by lay editors and critics and exhibiting complete comprehension of the matters concerned.

"These conclusions are in direct conflict with the testimony derived from life insurance statistics." This is simply false. Dr. Pearl shows with perfect clearness that wherever the data are comparable and treated with equally sound statistical methods there is no conflict.

"We have the vaguest possible information" regarding health of individuals at entrance to the classification—with the insinuation that the material was not homogeneous and the abstainers probably weaklings. (This last is not stated in words but is the only relevant point.) The health of all individuals is known and the various states of health are homogeneously distributed among the various drinking categories. Comparisons with Glover's mortality tables made in the book show that all groups were above standard as life insurance risks.

"Fancy building a survivorship table on 67 people and deriving therefrom a generalization as to the effect of alcohol to be applied to the whole human race!" This sentence exposes the spirit that animates the review. The 67 heavy-drinking females are recorded, to be sure, but it is definitely stated that the number is too small to be significant (pages 107 and 122). As far as they go these figures merely agree with other and better data, and "enable Professor Pearl to prove" nothing of especial importance. Just the opposite is suggested by Dr. Fisk. It is astonishing to see such apparently deliberate misrepresentation in print.

"Reclassification on the basis of changed habits absolutely destroys the value of the study." On the contrary, scientific exactitude demands the recognition of such an important event as change from moderate to heavy drinking. But what is the truth about these changeable individuals whose inclusion so disturbs the critic? There were only 81 out of a total of 5,248! What is more, they were excluded from the calculation of the life tables although they were really too few to mbake any difference, wherever they were put (pages 89-92). Is Dr. Fisk prepared to show how their recognition affects in any way, much less destroys, the value of the study? Prohibitionists, of course, have always made much of the danger of "the first glass," and surely no one will die a drunkard who never begins drinking, however moderately; but we are here concerned with scientific accuracy, not with propaganda. Does Dr. Fisk maintain that moderate drinkers are largely doomed to later excess? If so, let him read the book again. "What the public desires to know"—the intelligent public—is just what Pearl treats of and nothing else, namely, does moderate drinking shorten life?

Here are a few minor items; put briefly to save space: (a) The survivorship tables with a 100,000 basis are explained with perfect clearness, even for the "lay reader." (b) The data are *more* extensive than those of the insurance companies, having regard to the all-important matter of *life-time* habits. (c) The "utterly worthless studies" are often quoted and hence require refutation. The "latest" Northwestern study, like the others, is not homogeneous as to moderates, and it is based on habits at time of application for policy. Still, it might well have been included in the bibliography, unimportant as it is. (d) Alcohol is a real selective agent; very few diseases have been shown to be such. If so, they are beneficial to the race. (e) Dodge and Benedict are quoted on page 10; but the studies referred to by Fisk have nothing to do with alcohol and longevity. (f) Deaths from accident are *not* "excluded." (g) "Why include the remarks of Jones?" Simply by way of graceful conclusion. These remarks have no bearing whatever on the scientific accuracy of the study.

Dr. Fisk and Professor Irving Fisher are quite within their rights in attacking the Demon Rum and supporting Prohibition. But the cause will hardly me advanced by the methods here analyzed.

H. M. PARSHLEY.
Smith College.

Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Then there is Eugene Louis Buvier's "Psychic Life of Insects" (Century), which explains their mental mechanisms, and William Morton Wheeler's "Social Life among the Insects" (Harcourt, Brace), about extraordinary talents for organization, including their slave-making traits. For the bees, besides Fabre there is Marterlinck's metaphysical "Life of the Bee" (Dodd, Mead), Eugene Evrard's "Mystery of the Hive" (Dodd, Mead), highly praised here and in France, and Dallas Lore Sharp's "Spirit of the Hive" (Harper), friendly essays by a beekeeper.

New York theatregoers of a few years back must remember the "Insect Comedy" of the Capeks, whose high spot was the terrible act in which war came into the ant-hill. But a far greater work of this type is the "Maikaeferkomoedie," by a German Swiss named Widmann, to whom I owe not only this beautiful play, but another called "Der Heilige und die Tiere." "The May-Bug Comedy" begins underground, with a few daring larvæ prophesying another life, in a strange new air and surrounded by a marvel known as light, a life that will of course be bliss unending. Then comes the strange call that brings out the seventeen-year locusts, and the upward surge begins. At last they see the sun: the dream has come true. But their life is not bliss, and the conclusion reminds one that if you use the chrysalis as a Sunday-School parable of the resurrection of the body, you'd better take care that the child never sees a dead butterfly.

The classic for children with insect characters is Anatole France's "Honey Bee" (Dodd, Mead), and almost as wide a renown has been won by another story of insects, Waldemar Bonsel's "Adventures of Maya the Bee." This was published by Seltzer, and so was his other story of the same nature, "Heaven Folk." But after all, why struggle, beyond a point, against this hostility? I seem to remember reading that only by external vigilance does man keep this from being an insect world.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

NUGGETS AT ANDERSON'S

HISTORICAL and literary nuggets gathered from some twenty different sources, just 200 lots, were sold in a single session sale at Anderson's, December 16, bringing $42,110. More than half of the sale consisted of autograph letters, manuscripts or documents. Forty-one lots of original manuscripts of well known authors came from the private collection of Miss Frances A. Hennessey, of Cambridge, Mass., who was for many years a reader of important proofs for the publishers of *The Atlantic Monthly*. Among the authors represented in this consignment were Thomas Bailey Aldrich, William Dean Howells, Louise Imogen Guiney, Henry James, Mary N. Murfree, Charles Eliot Norton, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Charles Dudley Warner, Frank R. Stockton, John G. Whittier and Lafcadio Hearn, the latter by eleven complete manuscripts mainly dealing with Japanese subjects.

The highest price, $9,000, was paid by Dr. Rosenbach for a collection of English naval letters, documents and manuscripts, the property of Commander Bayntun Hippisley, of Somerset, England, which included the unique and priceless Nelson group of autograph letters and historical documents including the famous secret memorandum of October 9, 1805, conveying Nelson's complete plans and instructions for the coming Battle of Trafalgar. There was also what is believed to be a unique list of the ships and the order of sailing, showing the single and double pendants, colored by hand.

The session was well attended by dealers and collectors, and competition on all important items was keen and prices generally high. A few important lots and the prices realized were the following:

Hearn (Lafcadio). Manuscript, signed, of "In a Japanese Garden," written on 138 pp., 8vo, Kumamotu, February 3, 1892. $700.

Hearn. Manuscript, signed, of "Kitzuki: the Most Ancient Shrine in Japan," 163 pp., 8vo, Matsue, Izumo, July 21, '91. 0975.

Hearn. Manuscript, signed, of "The Red Burial," 97 pp., 8vo, Kumamoto, Japan, November 17, 1893. $600.

James (Henry). Manuscript, signed, of the fourth chapter of "The Europeans," 99 pp., 8vo. $410.

Roosevelt (Theodore). Manuscript of the Review of "The Influence of Sea Power Upon History," by Capt. A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., 14 pp., folio. $2,500.

Apuleius. "Opera necnon Epitoma Alconoi in disciplinarum Platonis," 177 numbered leaves, 25 illuminated initials, and rubrications, folio, levant morocco Jensen style by Chambolle-Duru, Rome 1469. Editio princeps, and one of the rarest first editions of classical authors, only 275 copies having been printed, and the only one in which the text was left unmutilated at the time of the Inquisition. $2,250.

Illuminated Manuscripts. Manuscript on vellum of Horace Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, 184 leaves, 10 full page and 23 small illuminations, written in Latin, with divisional headings in Dutch, 15th century. $3,600.

Orderly Book. Manuscript Orderly Book covering the organization of the American Army by General Washington from July 8, 1775, to October 26, 1775, all written at the camp before Boston; and from May 26, 1777, to June 5, 1777, written at Middlebrook, N. J., altogether 72 pp., 4to, contemporary calf. $1,400.

Henry (O). Manuscript of his story, "The Charity that Ended at Home," 22 pp., 4to, signed, December 4, 1908. Believed to be unpublished. $500.

Washington (George). A. L. S. 4 pp., 4to, Philadelphia, March 17, 1782, to Thomas Paine. $950.

Burns (Robert). A. L. S. 1 p., 4to, no place or date. To Henry Erskine, Dean of Faculty, Edinburgh. $1,250.

Lincoln (Abraham). Manuscript, 2 pp., 8vo, December 7, 1860, the paragraph containing the famous phrase "A house divided against itself cannot stand," bearing the following endorsement in Lincoln's handwriting: "The foregoing, in pencil, in my own hand, is a copy of an extract of a speech of mine delivered January 16, 1858, which I now state at the request of Mr. E. B. Pease. December 7, 1860. A. Lincoln." $5,000.

Conrad (Joseph). Manuscript of "The Return," 113 pp., 4to, written in 1897, enclosed in a solander case by Bradstreet. $1,350.

Yeats (William B.). "Mosada," 8vo, original buff wrappers, Dublin, 1886. Rare first edition of the author's first published work. $400.

Stevenson (Robert Louis). "Catriona," 12mo, original cloth, London, 1893. Fi edition. Laid down on one of the front leaves is a portrait of the author in pen-and-ink drawn by himself. $220.

Kingsborough (Edward, Lord). "Antiquities of Mexico," about 1,000 plates, mainly colored, 9 vols., atlas folio, half green morocco, London, 1831-48. $300.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF KIPLING

THE "Bibliography of the Works of Rudyard Kipling," by Mrs. Flora V. Livingston, published by the Harvard University Press in conjunction with Edgar H. Wells & Company, Inc., booksellers of this city, will be ready for delivery soon after New Year's. Mrs. Livingston as librarian of the Harry Elkins Widener Collection in Harvard College Library has had the time and facilities to make this bibliography just what the collector needs. Here over 500 items, including Indian, English, American, Canadian and Continental editions, copyright pamphlets, separately printed stories and poems, and many pirated editions, are listed and described. All these have passed through the author's hands for collation and comparison of texts. The descriptive material for each collected volume includes notations of the first appearance of each item in it, whether story, poem, article, or speech. All these details are given increased accessibility by means of the chronological list and the index, both of which are so complete as to be almost bibliographies in themselves. Full-sized facsimiles of the rarest books are provided, among them the correct covers of the Indian Railway Library which were retouched or re-engraved so often. The correct back covers, which are as necessary as the front, are also given. Mrs. Livingston's bibliography will at once becomes indispensable for librarians, dealers, and Kipling collectors. The work has been handsomely printed by the Harvard University Press, under the direction of Bruce Rogers, in two editions, one for the regular trade, and a special edition, printed on all-rag paper and autographed by the author, in an edition of 55 copies, 50 of which are for sale. Kipling collectors at last have a bibliography which has long been needed, and they are under great obligations to Mrs. Livingston for the careful, comprehensive, and authoritative work which she has given them.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A. B. HARRISON, Editor of the "Bodley Head Quartos," is editing a series of Elizabethan reprints to be published by Messrs. Holden of London under the title, "The Fortune Play Books." Each volume will include not only an introduction and a glossary of obsolete words, but also stage directions in the modern manner.

Messrs. Constable of London are holding over until the New Year the new volume of "Letters of George Gissing to Members of his Family," collected and arranged by Algernon and Ellen Gissing, with a preface by his son. The letters, which serve in effect as a history of Gissing's thoughts, and trace the effect of travel upon his sensitive mind, are supplemented by numerous extracts from his diary and journals.

E. Roy Calvert, secretary of the National Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty, 23 Charing Cross, Whitehall, London, says: "I am endeavoring to compile a comprehensive bibliography of imaginative literature dealing with capital punishment. The work of Hugo, Dickens, Thackeray, Doestoievsky, Wilde, Hardy, and Masefield, is, of course, well known in this connection; but inquiries will no doubt elicit many valuable contributions from unexpected quarters. The help of your readers in compiling an adequate bibliography of the death penalty in literature will be greatly appreciated."

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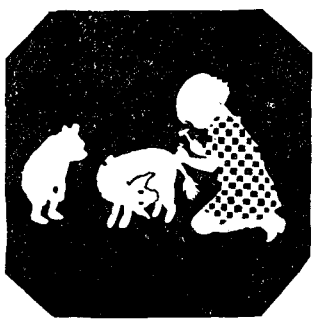

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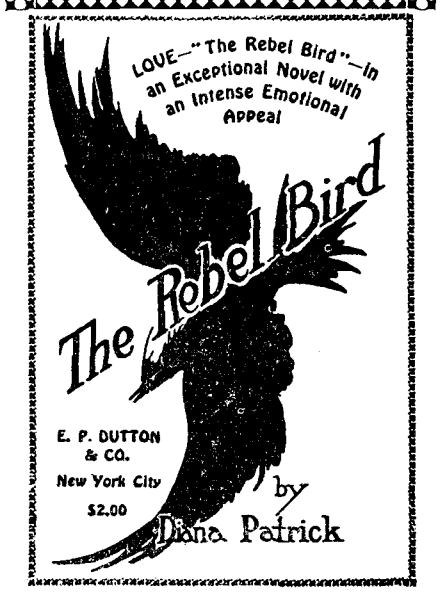

The Phoenix Nest

WE feel that we should be awarding a sonnet prize. The most enlivening event at which we have recently been present was a very select recital by *Leonard Bacon* of his sonnet entitled "Six Long Hours in Los Angeles." We are privileged to reproduce it here. (The author has long resided in California and we take no responsibility for his fond impeachment).

Six long hours in Los Angeles, oh my God!
What have I done that this should come to me,
Or I to this? What black iniquity
Hangs o'er my soul as heavy as a hod?
In depths of triple darkness have I trod
But did not know abysms like this could be,
Horror on horror piled illimitably.
Thy glory is departed, Ichabod!

And what shall it avail me now, I pray,
That once I strove with beasts in Omaha,
Billings, Mobile, Detroit, etcetera;
All is around me confusion and a blur;
I hear thy liquid accents, Iowa,
And see such blondes as gentlemen prefer.

Another that we are privileged to print was sent us privately by our friend *Waldo Pierce*, the painter. It seems to us equally vigorous.

ON SOME NEW ENGLAND VERSIFIERS

In rain and buttermilk they dip their pen
To chronicle the neighbors' trivial words.
The winter crow is monarch of their birds
And frozen barnyard their extremest ken.
O life—O love—O death of hired men
And farmers' wives a'starved 'mid fatting herds,
Here are your Homers who with sour curds
Invite the muse in this hard oxygen!

I love not these funereal heritors
Or laureates of the Farmers' Almanac
That whisper here when sweet Kit Marlowe roars.
What would they croak at Chaucer were he back?
Christ, for some mustard plaster on their pores
Or some prodigious aphrodisiac!

These, it seems to us, are the genuine *cris de coeur!* Some day we shall compile a book of ferocious sonnets if we can ever gather together enough of such brawny utterance. . . .

To get away from poetry during the holidays, *Louis Untermeyer* has gone to Short Beach, Connecticut, the home, showplace, and shrine of the late *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*, hiding himself among, as he puts it, "the pines and the murmuring Wilcox." . . .

Fifty of the disciples of *Brillat-Savarin* recently foregathered at the Hotel Crillon, and their repast would have pleased the famous advocate and gastronome, a centennial edition of whose "The Physiology of Taste" has been brought out in a limited edition by Doubleday, Page, with an introduction by *Arthur Machen*, and forty designs by *Andrew Johnson*. Their feast included, on the liquid side, what is to be translated as Beaujolais, Pink Burgundy, Chablis, Heidsick, Pol Roger, 1919, Chateau Choval Blanc, 1911, Dry Monopole, and liqueurs. . . .

Boni & Liveright are bringing out the inimitable "Irene Iddesleigh," by *Amanda McKittrick Ros*, that marvelous work first published in '97, and recently put forth in England in a small limited edition from the Nonesuch Press. . . .

The same American firm (Liveright) has now published *Dorothy Parker's* "Enough Rope." We haven't for moons enjoyed reading a book of poems as much as we have this one. No one writes what is commonly called light verse any more deftly than Dorothy Parker, and no one else gives it the quality of sage and salty poetry. That remark goes for the latter half of the book. The first half is of poetry's essence. The theme of the whole book is the exaltations and miseries of human love, taken seriously, taken wittily. It sparkles with the author's own peculiar demure scintillation and profound perception of irony. Its laughter has a biting edge, its humors are satisfyingly terse, its wistfulness begets beautiful phrase. It's a great little book. . . .

Will Durant, author of "The Story of Philosophy," is to debate *Clarence Darrow* at Carnegie Hall on Saturday, January the eighth, at eight-thirty p. m. The subject is "Is Man a Machine?" Darrow says he is, Durant will contend that he is more philosophically inclined. *James Harvey Robinson*, author of "The Mind in the Making," has been invited to act as chairman. This debate is under the auspices of The League for Public Discussion, 500 Fifth Avenue, of which *Symon Gould* is director. Tickets can be obtained at Carnegie Hall or at the offices of the League. . . .

Doubleday, Page have issued a most charming booklet written by *Anice Page Cooper* "About Artists," meaning those who have helped beautify Doubleday's books, viz: *Edward A. Wilson, Charles Livingston Bull, Gordon Grant, Elizabeth MacKinstry, Walter Jack Duncan* and *Charles B. Falls*,—a fine list. . . .

Paul Paine has been at it again and has drawn a third map. It is called "The Booklovers' Map of America." Mr. Paine is chief librarian of the Public Library of Syracuse and was formerly president of the New York State Library Association. Map-making has been his diversion and hobby for years. The new map is a chart of certain landmarks of literary geography, and has three hundred references to books. It has been beautifully reproduced in color by *William Edwin Rudge*, the famous Mount Vernon printer. The price of the map is $2.50, and you should inquire about it of the R. R. Bowker Co., Publishers, at 62 West 45th Street. . . .

In "The Three Students" (Knopf) *Major Haldane MacFall* relates this anecdote of *George Meredith*. One day he was sitting in the garden of Meredith's cottage at the foot of Box Hill when some literary admirers came to congratulate the famous man on his birthday. The so-called Decadent School came up as a topic. Did Meredith think that English literature was in its Autumn? "No," he replied, "I should not say that our literature is in its Autumn, but rather at the Fall of the Fig Leaf." . . .

They say that the only way a first edition of "Israfel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe," may be told from later editions is by the wine-cup beside the inkwell on the table beside *Longfellow*, as he appears in an engraving in that book on page 529. The engraving was taken from *Graham's Magazine*, 1842. When *Hervey Allen* was reviewing *Herbert Gorman's* "Longfellow," he came across the same engraving in Gorman's book, but there was no wine-cup. Investigation showed that on the engraving from which the illustration for Allen's book had been made the wine-cup was drawn in pencil. It is thought that some ardent supporter of *Poe*, angered by Longfellow's accusation that Poe was a drunkard, decided to pay the Gentle Poet back in his own coin. Or the wine-cup may have been sketched in at any time within the last 84 years. . . .

"The Book of the Rhymers' Club," published at intervals at 527 Guardian Building, Cleveland, Ohio, is again on our desk. There are some fine lines in *John French Wilson's* "The Walls of Heaven," and *Carl Liggett's* "The Ballad of Klondike Ike" entertained us. This is the last of its three verses, after a vivid description of Ike:

But our hero had one awful fear
That made him sweat and curse;
He was downright nervous that Robert Service
Would "get" him in his verse.
For he knew darned well he'd be sent to hell
In justice none could question.
But lucky guy! Bob passed him by
And he died of indigestion.

Likewise *Gilbert Oakley Ward's* "In Jerusalem, B. C." has considerable color and humor.

And so be it, little ones,—with a hip, hip, hip, Happy New Year!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The Dickens Fellowship of New York held its annual Christmas party at the National Arts Club, in this city, on the evening of December 17. Dr. Howard Duffield, well known Dickens critic, spoke on the subject of "The Christmas Stories—Christmas Candles that Dickens Lighted." There was appropriate Christmas music, including "The Ivy Green," played from an old copy.

A study of "Kant's Philosophy of Religion," by Clement C. J. Webb, Oriel Professor of Philosophy of the Christian Religion in the University of Oxford, is being issued immediately by the Oxford University Press. The book is based on the course of lectures delivered by the author at Oxford last year in commemoration of the bicentenary of Kant's birth.

The New Books

Travel

(*Continued from page 489*)

ductions from specially made, and carefully chosen photographs, which illuminate the text a hundredfold, and which would form in themselves a precious album. Some of tese are of mountain scenes of surpassing grandeur.

ISLES OF GREECE. By ANTHONY DELL. Stokes. 1926. $10.

Are you given to Mediterranean cruises? Are you easily entertained? Do you like to glance at a volume of casual and fairly vivid impressions of travel, which make no great demand either upon your intelligence or your emotions? Then this book is for you. It is an account, embellished by charming photographs, and written in a lively though by no means distinguished style, of a trip to some of the Greek islands, and deals at some length with Corfu and Rhodes. You will find in it description, a little history, much mythology, some gossip, and more than a hint at the viewpoint so sympathetic to our vanity: namely, that people who live in lands sufficiently far away from our own almost invariably resemble figures in comic opera rather than human beings like our ownselves.

THE CHANGING EAST. By *J. A. Spender.* Stokes. $3.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE UNKNOWN. By *G. M.* DYOTT. Putnam. $6.50.

CARAVANS AND CANNIBALS. By *Mary Hastings Bradley.* Appleton. $5.

MOTOR WEST. By *Caroline Rittenberg.* Vinal. $1.50.

THE PERAMBULATOR IN EDINBURGH. By *James Bone.* Knopf. $5 net.

A WORLD CRUISE LOG. By *Joseph H. Appel.* Harpers. $3.50.

THE RIDDLE OF THE TSANGPO GORGES. By *Capt. F. Kingdom Ward.* Longmans, Green. $7.50.

OLD TOWPATHS. By *Alvin F. Harlow.* Appleton. $5.

CONSTANTINOPLE: Settings and Traits. By *H. G. Dwight.* Harpers. $4.

OLA CONCORD. By *Samuel Merwin.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.

THE TOP OF THE WORLD. By *Wetty Honsinger Fisher.* Abingdon Press. $2.50.

D. H. LAWRENCE
1885-

He was bred in the coal-fields of Mid-England.

His first literary influences were the Old Testament, the poetry of Whitman and Browning, and the prose of Hardy.

Later Freud became his great enthusiasm.

His widely-discussed novel, "Sons and Lovers," is supposed to be largely autobiographical, the character of Paul being identified with the author.

He is extremely versatile, writing with distinction poetry, prose, essays on travel and studies in psychoanalysis.

He was friendly with Norman Douglas until the latter criticised him for the too personal quality of his fine Preface to "Memoirs of the Foreign Legion." This Preface is, however, the best part of a remarkable book.

In spite of rumor to the contrary, he is happily married.

He has a magnificent red beard, which he often has been accused of dyeing.

He has probably received more praise and more blame than any living Modern Author.

First Editions of the Works of D. H. Lawrence may be obtained at the

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